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NOTES OF THE WEEK

**N**EITHER Government nor Opposition came well out of the scene in the Commons on Wednesday evening which led to the adjournment of the House. The Socialists take to hooligan tactics on the slightest provocation and sometimes on none at all; but many who dislike their methods even more than their views will agree that on this occasion the provocation was considerable. More than that, it was senseless. Whatever we may think about the political aspect of the mining situation it is at least common ground that there is considerable unemployment and distress in the industry, and on this subject the Labour Party naturally have strong feelings. Mr. Baldwin would be the last to resort to wilful provocation, but the unimaginativeness of his action in putting up a departmental lieutenant—especially one who some months ago asked to be left out of the controversy—to reply to the vote of censure on his Government, instead of replying himself, may well have appeared to opponents, possibly over-sensitive, as a gesture of contempt. What was his reason? No very sound one is

apparent, and in its absence we are left to the melancholy conclusion that the Government have not yet grasped the importance of the coal situation politically and its bearing on their fortunes at the next election.

The incident was the more unfortunate because it meant that the coal situation was left undiscussed. The Opposition are credited with the intention of asking for another day for the debate, but even if the Government decide that they deserve it there will be difficulty in finding time in the crowded parliamentary days between now and the prorogation. But the thing has got to be dealt with by Parliament sooner or later; the Government cannot escape it and had much better not try. It is true, as we point out elsewhere, that other industries that are in as depressed a condition as coal is do not constantly bring their grievances to the notice of Westminster; but that is no answer. For good or ill, coal has become a political issue and one that cannot be burked.

If the Government made a tactical error over the coal debate they more than compensated for it by the strategical astuteness of their decision to post-

NOISE  
DESTROYS  
NERVES

Heed the Scientists' warning  
and instal  
Remington's  
TYPEWRITERS

Remington-Noiseless  
TYPEWRITERS

pone the laying down of two of the three cruisers allowed for in the naval estimates for this year. This is the best piece of news the Government have given us for some time, good from every point of view. First, it is a quick response to the very remarkable evidence in the country of a desire for some gesture of disarmament. Secondly, it shows a real attempt at national economy. Thirdly, it affords a brilliant reply to the criticism of Lord Cecil, who in the House of Lords on the same day as the cut was announced defended his resignation by declaring that Mr. Baldwin's Cabinet had no genuine interest in disarmament. Lastly, coming as it does after the failure at Geneva and on the eve of the discussion in Congress of the U.S. Navy Department's new building programme, it shows America that Great Britain has no inclination to enter into naval rivalry with her and is, in the face of a temporary lack of agreement, ready to make independent curtailments. In any subsequent resumption of disarmament negotiations this action will put her in a strong moral position. The Government are to be heartily congratulated.

It cannot be denied that the Bratianu dictatorship has been dealt a severe blow by the decision of the court-martial to acquit M. Manulescu, the former minister who was arrested at the Rumanian frontier on a charge of conspiring to make Prince Carol king. At the time of the arrest the exceptional measures taken were excused on the ground that the papers M. Manulescu was carrying proved the existence of an immense plot. It was for this reason, too, that he was brought before a court-martial instead of an ordinary court of justice. The witnesses for his defence, however, have been able to put up an excellent case, and the sole result of the trial will be to bring together all the parties of the Opposition against M. Bratianu. We have no admiration for Prince Carol—or M. Scarlat Caraiman, as he is legally called since his renunciation of the throne—but M. Bratianu's measures of dictatorship are well on the way towards making this untrustworthy young man a national hero.

A dramatic attempt has been made to solve the crisis of Bolshevism, which entered into an acute phase after the Arcos raid in London. Trotsky and Zinovieff have been turned out of the Communist Party, which means that from now onward they are just as liable to be imprisoned by the OGPU as any other unfortunate citizen of Russia, and Rakovsky, Kameneff, Radek, and nearly every other leader whose name has figured largely in foreign papers will be expelled from the Party at its Congress next month. Details of the debate which resulted in Trotsky's downfall show that he is facing Stalin with exceptional courage, but this probably does not mean that he has behind him enough followers to cause open rebellion. On the contrary, it looks as though Stalin had gained a very important victory, one result of which is likely to be a steady movement towards normal relations with foreign Powers.

We have always felt that demonstrations on such occasions as Hindenburg's birthday are very poor indications of the political feeling of Germany. Far more significant are the local elections

which have just been held in various parts of the Reich and which have greatly strengthened the Republican movement. They encourage the belief that the present Government, which can no longer be said to represent the country, may shortly be replaced by a coalition in which those Imperialists who deny belief in the Republic will find no place. Such a coalition, working with a French Government modified as a result of the general elections in May, should be able to make considerable progress towards European stabilization. The present local elections in Danzig are particularly interesting, since the Nationalists, who have hitherto lost no opportunity of squabbling with Poland, have been roundly defeated by the Socialists, whose aim it is to make Danzig a bridge instead of a barrier between Germany and Poland.

It is easy enough to argue that the visit to Vienna of the German Chancellor, Herr Marx, and the Foreign Minister, Herr Stresemann, is a menace to the Treaties of Peace; but whether we like it or no, the bonds between Germany and Austria will grow steadily stronger, even though no German minister should ever be allowed to cross the Austrian frontier. There can be few nations in Europe more reluctant to go to war than Austria, and consequently most Englishmen find it a little difficult to be alarmed by talk of the *Anschluss*, which would add several million pacific people to the German block. Already a letter from Berlin costs the same if addressed to Vienna as to Hamburg, the penal codes of the two countries are being assimilated, the army organizations are almost identical and an important commercial treaty may shortly be drafted. If the French and Italians were the realists they profess to be, they would cease their efforts to prove that blood is not thicker than geographical boundaries.

One cannot but be amused by the latest "stunt" of the Hearst Press, which is publishing details of an alleged Mexican "plot" against the United States. Documents which the Mexican Government declares are "gross and unequivocal forgeries" are being printed to prove that President Calles financed the Nicaraguan Liberals to the tune of several thousand pounds, but even if these documents were genuine they should cause no astonishment. An effort by one Central American state to assist another in safeguarding the last remnants of its independence surely cannot be termed a "plot" against the United States. It was Washington, and not Mexico City, which despatched marines to Managua, took sides in the civil war and dictated who was to be Nicaraguan President. Mexico, having the misfortune to possess a subsoil of immense value, is very hard put to it to retain her independent status, and one is inevitably reminded of the animal which is *très méchant* because when it is attacked *il se défend*. Fortunately the State Department appears to have heard the news of the "plot" with unwonted equanimity.

The defeat of Mr. Cosgrave on Captain Redmond's motion, calling for a Commission to investigate the claims of ex-servicemen in the Irish Free State, may have consequences unforeseen by the author of the motion. Captain Redmond asserted that he was not concerned to censure the

Free State Government, or, for that matter, the British Government; Mr. Cosgrave considered both Governments were being placed in the dock, and declared that his defeat was on a vote of no confidence. While the political side of the matter is thus made prominent, the grievances of the ex-servicemen are likely to be obscured. They are serious. To name but one, the delay in the scheme that was to provide housing for them has been extraordinary. That scheme was adopted in 1919, but so far not a single house has been built under it in Waterford. That the British Government have lost the power of carrying out their original promises to the men is only part of the trouble.

We observed in the *Daily Mail* on Tuesday what may be the beginnings of a Press agitation to have removed some of the restrictions recently set on the reporting of Divorce Court cases by the Judicial Proceedings (Regulation of Reports) Act. We have not seen any signs among the published circulation figures of the popular newspapers of a diminution that could be attributed to the effect of these restrictions, but no doubt it is felt that a certain valuable spiciness in daily journalism is lacking as a result of them. It is well to be quite clear from the outset on what grounds any agitation will be based. The *Daily Mail* claims that there has been a "great increase" in the number of divorces granted in the English Courts since the passing of the Act. There has been a steady increase in numbers for some years, but the percentage increase since the Act came into force is certainly not alarmingly large: there were 202 more divorces in 1926 than in 1925, while the average yearly increase for the five years 1921-25 over the preceding five years (both pre-Act periods) was no less than 1,224! It is claimed that publicity acts as a deterrent. Apart from the fact that in some instances it may be all to the good that a decrease in the volume of publicity enables an unhappy couple to seek a solution from which they would otherwise have shrunk, it is sheer nonsense to talk of "secret" divorce. There is no such thing, and never can be. Moreover it is well to remember that the law was not framed in the interests of those inside the divorce courts but of those outside them, and that that case is not weakened but strengthened by an increase in the number of suits.

Wealth is not incompatible with strong political opinions, and it is the most natural thing in the world that a rich man with such opinions should endeavour to give effect to them by donations to the funds of his party. It is also natural that a grateful party, conceiving of such gifts as service to the nation, should seek to reward the donor with a knighthood, baronetcy or peerage. That does not amount to the sale of honours. Selling begins when honours are hawked about, when there is a system of so much for so much, when money is the sole consideration. There were evils in Mr. Lloyd George's day from which we are free now, and in that sense we accept the official Conservative denial of traffic in honours. Also the Conservative fund is the fund of the party, not a personal fund as Mr. Lloyd George's was and remains. But there is no excuse for cant on the subject, and it ill becomes the Labour Party to pride itself on

virtue due to lack of opportunities. Given a position similar to that of the Conservatives, Labour would act similarly, though we hope and believe Labour would refrain from imitation of Mr. Lloyd George.

Sir Thomas Beecham has made what appears to be a fair and businesslike offer to opera-lovers in this country. He asks 150,000 of them to subscribe ten shillings a year for five years to provide an endowment fund. Subscribers will receive advantages in the form of prior rights to booked seats and cheaper prices. The funds are to be placed in the hands of responsible trustees and, in the event of the scheme proving abortive, the money will be returned to subscribers. It is obvious that opera cannot be produced on a commercial basis in this country, nor are rich patrons forthcoming in sufficient numbers as in pre-war times. The support must, therefore, come from the general public in small sums. If opera can be established on this wider and democratic foundation, it will be a great event in our musical history. Because previous attempts have not resulted in opera taking root, that is no reason why it should not now come to pass.

The appointment of the promised Committee to codify the law relating to income-tax and to simplify its expression will be welcomed by a harassed and bewildered public. The more intelligible the system under which a tax is extorted, the less reluctantly will the tax be paid. As things are, large numbers of people live in a state of complete mystification, and are driven to take counsel with experts or reputed experts. We have heard lately of a solicitor who said that many clients consulted him about income-tax, but that, though he cheerfully advised them, he was never sure about his own income-tax. That, in Lamb's phrase about Coleridge's sermons, may have been "only his fun," but the bewilderment of the plain man is not only pathetic in its personal aspect but the cause of delay or evasion. The intricacies of the law as it now stands are the cause of much blasphemy and resentment among taxpayers. *Bis dat qui cito dat*—but the law makes speed impossible.

If we had been asked in 1910 or thereabouts what position Charles Masterman was likely to achieve in politics we should have prophesied great things concerning him. Now, at the age of 54, he is dead, and his death makes no difference whatever to the political scene. No recent parliamentary career has been so tragically disappointing. Mr. Masterman had the knack of ill-luck. His very success as "juvenile lead" in the Insurance Act drama proved his undoing, for so unpopular was that Act that the Conservatives of the day, when he was forced to seek re-election on promotion to Cabinet rank, made a "dead set" against him and he was defeated in three consecutive by-elections. Thereafter, with a brief exception in 1923, his brilliant talents were lost to the House. His was a career blighted before it was fairly begun. He is likely to be chiefly remembered in parliamentary annals as the man who first proved that there is nowadays no such thing as a "safe" seat.



## THE GOVERNMENT AND COAL

IT would be a great pity if the "scene" that the Labour Party made in Parliament on Wednesday were to distract attention from the great issues of public policy that are involved in the present situation in the coal industry. Many reasons have been advanced for Mr. Baldwin's refusal to speak in reply to Mr. MacDonald's vote of censure on the Government's policy on the coal mines. According to some Mr. Baldwin is out of sympathy with the coal owners and left to others the task, which he found too uncongenial, of defending them against Labour critics. According to others Mr. Baldwin, in putting up the President of the Board of Trade to reply, was merely reasserting his belief that the coal trade must work out its own problems and that the Government cannot usefully do anything. It was unfortunate that his choice of an apologist should have fallen on the President of the Board of Trade, for Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister is not popular in Parliament, and, as Mr. J. H. Thomas reminded the House, he was excused at his own request from speaking during the coal troubles last year because he had financial interests in the coal industry. But Mr. Baldwin had probably forgotten that, and his error in tactics was committed in all innocence. We do not know whether the coal industry must be accounted fortunate or unfortunate in the attention that it gets from politicians. Its condition is certainly distressful, but not more so than that of the cotton or the engineering industries about which we hear very little from the politicians. But no one has ever proposed to nationalize spinning and weaving mills or engineering shops; the coal industry in our industrial politics is in a position analogous to that of Belgium in the diplomatic quarrels of the Chancelleries.

Over its prostrate body is being fought out the great quarrel between two opposing theories of the State's relation to industry, and both Mr. MacDonald's vote of censure and the scene which followed when Mr. Baldwin, by putting up the President of the Board of Trade, indicated his view that the special problems of coal were primarily of departmental, not national, concern, are to be understood as gestures of appeal to the larger constituency of the country. On the whole, Labour would seem for once to have scored a point in Parliamentary tactics.

It is surely rather late in the day for Mr. Baldwin to identify Conservative policy with the individualist's theory of the relations of the State to the great staple industries. After all the State appointed a Royal Commission, carried through Parliament an Eight Hours' Act, and mobilized as for a state of civil war to meet the general strike begun in sympathy with the miners' grievances. Second thoughts were not the best in Mr. Baldwin's case. At the end of the general strike his position was so strong that he could have imposed any settlement that he wished on the mining industry provided only that he had preserved an appearance of the impartiality with which he had started. He allowed the inconceivable follies of Mr. Cook to convert him to a view of the issue in the coal industry with which his earlier policy was quite inconsistent. So

clear was his mind about the wickedness of using the miners' troubles in the interests of Communism that he jumped to the conclusion that the best thing for politicians to do was to leave the industry to itself and for the Conservative Party to have no policy on the future of the mines at all.

It is easy to see how an honest man like Mr. Baldwin could come to this conclusion and equally easy to see how inconvenient it is to the prospects of his party. For political success goes to the party which has a concrete constructed policy, not to the party which maintains a negation, however brilliantly. For our part we are convinced that it is the duty of the Conservative Party to have a constructive policy on coal mining and that it will suffer if it leaves positive reconstruction of the industry to be fought out between Socialists and Liberals on the one hand and pure capitalism on the other. Conservatives have a responsibility which they cannot devolve on others, and their past Disraelian tradition is one which they must develop to help in the solution of the troubles in the mining industry.

The aim of the Labour Party being complete nationalization, it would seem to follow that the policy of Conservatives should be to show how the advantages of nationalization can be obtained without any of its drawbacks. The advantages are the elimination of useless competition, more efficient organization, reduced expenses consequent on better management; the disadvantages are the suppression of private enterprise, and still more important the danger that a sectional interest may be enriched at the expense of the rest of the community. The Government have committed themselves to the principle of amalgamation between mines for the purpose of more economical management. Not only did the Samuel Commission recommend it, but the Government themselves framed a Bill to make it easier. The Bill is unfortunately a weak one, and no amalgamations seem in fact to have been made under it, but even the mineowners, strong individualists as they are, have seen the virtues of a trust. America, which is the home of great commercial and industrial trusts, is also the country that is least infected by Socialist theory.

Without fear of reproach for its Socialistic tendencies, a Conservative Government might encourage the formation of the coal mines into one great trust or a group of trusts. It might secure for the benefit of the miners some share of the profits in the subsidiary industries that depend on coal production, and call in new developments to redress the adverse balances in an industry which conducted on conservative lines is in process of decay. It might help to improve wages by the more economical organization of a trust. It might guarantee some small percentage of the profits to defray the cost of bettering the conditions of their work for a large body of workers who are by general consent industrious, intelligent, and patriotic. It might encourage and anticipate the progress of scientific discovery in the conversion of coal into power. Between the trust that we call Socialism and the trust on the individualistic and American pattern there is a vast field of beneficent policy that lies open to the occupation of essentially Conservative principles. The more we condemn the heresies of Socialism, the stronger become the arguments for a rival constructive



policy which is not only not inconsistent with Conservative principles but is necessary for their fulfilment.

It is not like Mr. Baldwin to oppose a mere negation to the ideas of Socialism, and the mistake in the tactics of Wednesday last is that they lend countenance to the worst of slanders on Conservative policy, namely, that it has no constructive side, and no suggestion for improving efficiency, but is the sleeping partner of vested interests, whether they work for or against the general well-being. Conservatives, in fact, have it in their power completely to dish the Socialists, and to leave this pleasing and profitable operation to the Liberals as a form of suicide. If their object were to make future nationalization inevitable, a purely negative policy would be best calculated to secure it. But if it be to defeat the nationalizers, a positive and constructive policy of reform is the indispensable preliminary of success. We would urge Mr. Baldwin to return to his earlier policy and to eschew the old-fashioned *laissez-faire* which may fit in with the antique Liberal theory but against which Conservatism, alike in theory and in practice, has for a hundred years been a living protest. We are concerned about the effect of Wednesday's "debate" on opinion in the country, and especially in the North, where these industrial problems are so much more serious and real than in the Home Counties.

### AN ADRIATIC LOCARNO

"IS there no other troubled frontier," asked Sir Austen Chamberlain in his famous speech before the League of Nations Assembly in September, "which those so anxious for international action could take under their protection, to which they could give their guarantee, as we have pledged ours on the western frontiers of Europe, and, by so doing, bring together two other nations at present regarding each other with mutual suspicion and fear?" When M. Briand on behalf of France, and M. Marinkovitch on behalf of Yugoslavia, signed their treaty in Paris a few days ago they were at pains to assure the world that its every clause had been drafted in the Locarno spirit and with full consideration of their national obligations under the League Covenant. Presumably no treaty concluded since the League came into being can be justified unless its object is to increase the general feeling of security between peoples. This may be the intention of the Franco-Yugoslav treaty, but up to the present it has not been its effect. In fact, as we pointed out last week, the treaty as it stands "is just as dangerous as Italy's treaty of last year with Albania, to which, of course, it is a reply." Yet, with a little reasonableness on both sides, it might easily be converted into an agreement at least as valuable as that drawn up at Locarno.

It is interesting to notice the reactions which this treaty has had in Paris, Rome and Belgrade. In Paris the Quai d'Orsay has carefully emphasized the fact that signature has been delayed for well over a year in the hope that Italy would agree to a triangular pact, and that

it is an event of little diplomatic importance which the existence of the Little Entente had rendered inevitable. Rome sees in it an act definitely unfriendly to Italy, while the *Impero* and more militant Fascist papers reply to its alleged threat with a counter-threat. Belgrade is wildly enthusiastic, and, as a result of it, there have been unfortunate anti-Italian demonstrations along the Dalmatian coast. To a certain extent this enthusiasm may be encouraged artificially by a government which would like to make party capital out of its diplomatic success, but in the main it is spontaneous and is a measure of the anxiety caused to the Yugoslavs by Italy's penetration in Albania. It is quite obvious that, apart from the more remote danger of hostilities between Italy and France, the Franco-Yugoslav treaty of friendship will increase the more immediate peril of very grave Italo-Yugoslav disputes, for it must be remembered that though Belgrade wants a period of peace in which to reconstruct the Yugoslav army, political leaders there are quick-tempered, and on two or three occasions in the past have only been restrained by the fear that they had no strong country in Europe to support them against the Italian menace.

When M. Nintchitch was Foreign Minister it was his ambition to bring about an agreement between France, Italy and Yugoslavia which would lead the way to a general Balkan Locarno. Italy, having originally suggested a three-party pact, suddenly withdrew her support and signed the Tirana Treaty, which led immediately to M. Nintchitch's resignation from office. Obviously France, Great Britain, or some other Power should at the time have requested the League to examine this treaty, certain clauses of which quite definitely appeared to rob Albania of her independence, which is one of the conditions of her membership of the League. But secret promises given to Italy during the war and crystallized later by the Ambassadors' Conference made action impossible. On November 9, 1921, the British, French, Italian and Japanese Ambassadors in Paris signed on behalf of their governments a promise that, should Albania's independence ever be threatened, they would "instruct their representatives on the Council of the League of Nations to recommend that the restoration of the territorial frontiers of Albania should be entrusted to Italy." Further, they declared that should the Council decide that intervention was unnecessary they would "reconsider the question in conformity with the principle . . . that any modification in the frontiers of Albania constitutes a danger for the strategic safety of Italy." In other words, the Great Powers made promises to Italy which are in no way justifiable under the League Covenant and which none of them has had the courage to withdraw.

It has been this failure to check Italian ambitions in the Balkans at the beginning which led first to the Treaty of Tirana, and now to the Franco-Yugoslav Treaty of Paris. And it is the rivalry between France and Italy which hinders a *rapprochement* between Yugoslavia and Bulgaria, between Yugoslavia and Hungary, and between Yugoslavia and Greece. Had it not been for Italian determination to replace the influence of

France in the Balkans, the Macedonian question might by now have been settled and both Yugoslavia and Bulgaria might have outlets on the *Ægean* Sea. There are many causes for mistrust between Paris and Rome, causes which may affect the whole future of the French colonial empire in Northern Africa and with which, it is alleged, Sir Austen Chamberlain and General Primo de Rivera dealt during their interview on the *Dolphin*. But no difference between the two nations could be more dangerous to peace than this rivalry in the Balkans which is driving the Italian pawn, Albania, into conflict with Yugoslavia, the ally of France.

The Yugoslav Minister in Rome has been instructed to renew negotiations with Signor Mussolini. Sir Austen Chamberlain has undoubtedly more influence on the Italian Dictator than has any other politician in Europe and he has the idea of the extension of the Locarno system so much at heart that he might with wisdom venture to interfere in the affairs of another nation. Some resentment was expressed by delegates to the last League Assembly because the Great Powers decided so much in secret conclave, but if Sir Austen will use all his powers of persuasion so that Signor Mussolini may agree to negotiations for a three-Power pact between France, Italy and Yugoslavia, no one who has the interests of peace at heart will criticize him. The Mediterranean is so definitely an Imperial route that the British Empire, even without its obligations to the League, could not stand aside in the event of Italo-French conflict, and it is worth while making some effort to destroy the seeds of conflict before they germinate. Further, if the Foreign Secretary can induce Italy to substitute for her Tirana Treaty an agreement which shall act as a bridge between Paris, Rome and Belgrade, he will have achieved something perhaps not more difficult, but, in our view, much more important, than the Locarno agreement which led to Germany's admission into the League of Nations, and of which he is so proud.

### THE AEROPLANE'S PROGRESS

**A**FTER wireless, no modern invention is likely to affect the future of the British Empire so intimately as the aeroplane. Communications are vital to the Empire's maintenance, and one of the major difficulties of effecting a real unity of thought and action, in everyday affairs no less than in times of crisis, naturally resides in the vast distances by which the constituents of the Empire are separated from one another. Flight can and will bring them much nearer in time, and by the resulting ease and frequency of contact, much nearer also in interests and sentiment. Fortunately the Air Ministry and the Government have grasped this fact and have embarked on definite plans for developing Imperial air communications. In the work of development each unit of the Empire must play a part. At the last Imperial Conference conversations took place between the Secretary of State for Air and the Prime

Ministers of the Dominions with the object of securing co-operation, and certain definite progress was made, notably in the agreement by the Dominions to erect mooring masts for aeroplanes. It is a fortunate circumstance that the cost of contributing to an inter-Imperial air scheme is very much less than that, say, of Imperial naval defence. The plan on which the Air Ministry is proceeding is that each Dominion should be responsible for the upkeep of those parts of the air routes that lie nearest to its own territory. For example, on the Anglo-Australian route, the British Government would be responsible for the section from Croydon to Bagdad; the Indian Government for that from Bagdad to Singapore; and the Australian Government for that from Singapore to Sydney. In this way a real co-operative responsibility would be attained at relatively small cost, and the resulting advantages to the Empire and to each part of it would be considerable.

During the present week no fewer than five British long-distance flights have been in progress. Of these the most spectacular was that of Captain McIntosh and Mr. Hinckler, who attempted a non-stop flight from Upavon to India with the object of breaking the "record" distance for such a flight at present held by Messrs. Chamberlin and Levine, who in the summer flew from New York to Germany, a distance of 3,911 miles. Such flights have a definite national value not only by reason of the interest they awaken in flying among the public, but also, if they are successful, of the foreign orders for British engines which result from added prestige. But if they fail, as so many non-stop flights, both British and foreign, have failed in the past few months, they are likely to do more harm than good. One of the essentials to the progress of aviation is that it shall prove itself a sound proposition commercially. For this purpose it is first absolutely necessary that any element of sensation and "stunting" should be removed. Flying must be regarded as an eminently safe, sound and normal undertaking, and as such it certainly cannot and will not be regarded while aeroplanes take off on widely advertised adventures and are never heard of again.

For this reason, despite the advantages that successful non-stop flights may bring, it is easy to set too much store by them. More useful is the flight carried out regularly and speedily between two points with a number of landings *en route*, thus reducing risks to a minimum. The object of those who would prove the value of aviation is to demonstrate that it is possible to get from A to B regularly, safely and quickly. It does not matter how many times a machine lands on the journey so long as the time it takes is not thereby seriously lengthened; indeed, the diminution of danger resulting from frequent landings becomes a definite advantage. Only when business men are convinced that the regularity, safety and speed of flight have reached a point at which the increase in cost over other forms of transport is justified will they be persuaded to back aviation with their money. And money is what aviation primarily needs for its development.

It is clear that any flight which fulfils these conditions is doing very valuable work. If Sir



Alan Cobham, who has just left England on an aerial survey of Africa, can prove, besides the Imperial value of air links, the commercial value of the aeroplane in African trade, he must fulfil these conditions. To do this he will have to go very much faster than he was able to go on his flight to Australia and back. That flight, though it had its value, was a somewhat leisurely proceeding. He took, in point of fact, longer to get there than a ship takes, and that is precisely what he should have avoided doing if he wished to prove the commercial value of his project. Perhaps the finest British achievement yet recorded was that of the flight from England to India on which Sir Samuel and Lady Hoare left as passengers last Boxing Day. Sir Samuel has lately published an account of his experiences\* on that flight in which its value is made clear. Flying in the worst of weather, at the time of year when daylight is shortest, and in an ordinary passenger machine, the Minister for Air reached Delhi from Croydon in ten days—far faster than boat and train. He was exactly up to schedule, the pilot having to make detours round Delhi rather than land before the pre-arranged time. There was no mishap, despite an encounter with a sandstorm; not a single spare part was called into use. The flight went from beginning to end with perfect regularity; it fulfilled exactly the conditions necessary to prove the commercial value of aviation. It was valuable in other ways too, for it demonstrated to the Air Minister at first hand the administrative and military value of aircraft as he saw it in use both in Iraq and on the North-West Frontier. Its importance in economy and strategic mobility to an Imperial Power is here fully evinced.

The prolonged cruise to the East on which four Service seaplanes are now engaged also carries great possibilities. It is probable that the seaplane will prove of most immediate value in the development of commercial aviation. This for the following reasons: first, that it can land anywhere and, properly constructed, even ride out an ocean storm, thus being to a large extent relieved of the risks attendant on engine failure; secondly, that it is independent of landing grounds, thereby considerably reducing cost; thirdly, that any harbour now used by ships can also be used by seaplanes. In fact it is likely that the term "flying boat" may soon have a more literal significance and that the shipping routes of the world will be sailed on or over by boats—big boats—with wings. The development of land machines on a similar scale will follow, but until the principle of the helicopter has been perfected so as to remove the handicaps from which this type of aeroplane now suffers, its progress is likely to lag behind.

## THE COMEDY OF WESTMINSTER

*House of Commons, Thursday*

AS a step towards the dictatorship of the proletariat, the Socialists are attempting to establish the dictatorship of the back bench. Courage being the quality in which their leaders are most con-

spicuously lacking, they have, within their own ranks, been so far successful. Comment was made in these columns last week on their selection of two obscure members to open the debate on the chief Bill of the session. This week they have evolved the new theory that when they do allow their own leader to say a few words, they have the right to insist upon a reply from whichever Minister they will condescend to hear without interruptions. But they found to their apparent surprise that the Government, unlike their own leaders, refused to be bullied. Mr. Baldwin treated the brawlers with a semblance of contempt they perhaps hardly deserved, and the result of the incident was that they were successful only in balking discussion of the subject altogether.

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It is doubtful whether Mr. Becket, the Labour Member for Gateshead, has ever heard of Edmund Burke. If he had studied the life of that statesman he could hardly have forgotten the incident of the dagger, which, at an appropriately dramatic moment, the great orator cast upon the floor of the House. Some authorities report that Sheridan exclaimed, "Where is the fork?" but whether that story is apocryphal or not, all are agreed that the result was a fiasco. Mr. Becket, however, thought that he would give point to a pointless speech by throwing upon the Treasury bench the war medals of some unfortunate veteran. Where Burke failed Mr. Becket did not succeed.

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The political views of sailors are usually as clear cut as their profiles. They are seldom afraid of stating them, coupled with a sweeping condemnation of the politicians. It is, therefore, to be welcomed when such views, instead of being aired as they usually are over the walnuts and the wine, can be fairly stated in a public assembly and fairly answered. Last week Lord Wester Wemyss, greatly daring, declared the opinions of his brother admirals in the presence of his brother peers. The gist of the noble and gallant Lord's remarks was that the country had been going to the dogs since 1856. The date of deterioration is not usually fixed so early. The trouble began with the Declaration of Paris, by which we weakly agreed not to confiscate enemy property, other than contraband, sailing under a neutral flag. This limitation of our power enabled Germany to maintain adequate supplies throughout the war and rendered it unnecessary for the German navy to come out to battle. It was, therefore, incumbent upon us to prepare for the next war by forthwith denouncing the Declaration of Paris.

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Lord Stanhope gently suggested to the bellicose Admiral the possibility of Great Britain being neutral during the next war, in which case we should stand to lose very much more than we had to gain by such a denunciation of the rights of neutrals. He further pointed out that there was more than one clause to the Declaration of Paris. Among other things it abolished privateering and declared that a blockade to be recognized must be effective. Both these provisions were of inestimable advantage to Great Britain during the war. Germany might have inflicted untold damage upon our shipping with the assistance of a few raiders such as the *Emden*, built and equipped in neutral ports, and other Powers might have thought it their duty

\* 'India by Air.' By Sir Samuel Hoare. Longmans, 6s. 6d.

to recognize the ineffective submarine blockade of the British isles.

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In these dull days we are grateful for any comic relief, and those who waited for it were grateful to Mr. Thurtle on Monday night for carrying into the House of Commons the attacks on the Government which are being conducted in the *Daily Mail*. Three stranger bedfellows than Mr. Thurtle, Lord Rothermere and Mr. Lloyd George it would be hard to find. With a touching faith in the accuracy of the Harmsworth Press, Mr. Thurtle, supported by Mr. Jack Jones, from whom apparently the demise of Lord Northcliffe has hitherto been kept, accused the Government of trafficking in honours. The Government, not having been warned of the imminence of this attack, had gone home to bed, but Colonel Gibbs, the Treasurer of the Household, was there to answer for them. This task he performed to some purpose, roundly denying that there was a word of truth in the accusation and loftily expressing his contempt for any statement appearing in the *Daily Mail*.

FIRST CITIZEN

## FIESTA DE LA PAZ

BY ROSEMARY BLACKADDER

**K**ING ALFONSO'S sobs in the graveyard of Monte Annuit and the dramatic promotion of General Berenguer reminds one that the war in Morocco is by no means burned out. Hostilities are nominally at an end, and the Spaniards have been celebrating a Feast of Peace. They have got (again rather nominally) what they want, the surrender of the rebels, certain mines, and a useful stretch of coast. But in order to keep it they have to keep the troops in the country, ready to begin the whole story over again in case of trouble. Several thousand Spanish soldiers are sitting in the sun cleaning their rifles and playing a delightful kind of poker, trekking up and down the dusty roads to keep them clear of "bandits," singing home-sick songs in the manner of Andalusia and making love to the kohl-black eyes that shine down from balconies that are not too inaccessible. All this at the cost of a Government that has too many at home waiting for charity to begin.

The surrender of Abd el Krim marked another step in the retreat of the traditions of an old civilization, another triumph of the bowler-hat over the fez, the neat, harsh mackintosh over the wide and gentle burnous. Not that this war, while it lasted, lacked grace or romance. It was not the squalid affair of machinery and mud and lice that the twentieth century has led us to expect, but invested with all the mock-heroic that the epic and futile business of fighting demands. It was carried on with a really *beau geste*, the gestures of scarlet cloaks and sashes, fringes and pompoms, orange-coloured saddles, silver-mounted carbines, trumpets and horns and mules. Why, then, we may well ask, did this decorative, charming, flamenco-singing army take so long over its job?

To begin with, setting aside all the complications of intrigue at home, they were fighting an enemy they could not see, who sniped and made whirlwind attacks from nowhere in particular and then retreated as suddenly to nowhere at all, who had a thousand friends and spies among the ranks, and smuggled provisions and ammunition in on the coast-line between Tetuan and Melilla, which no Spanish force could hold. The country itself fought against them. The mountains sheltered the rebels and warded off attack.

I was in Tetuan just before the surrender of Abd el

Krim. The general in command there lent us horses and escort to ride up through the mountains to Gorgez and other of the outlying posts, and during that short time we saw something of the difficulties among which the fighting went on. The tracks which led up to these places were very steep. They wound in and out of boulders and rocks, and were covered with loose stones and with mud from the heavy rains. Even the hill-bred Andalusian horses found the ascents difficult and were nervous and uncertain of a foothold. The Arab tribesmen ride little white or black ponies, thick and short in the neck, loaded with high, uncomfortable saddles and many rugs. In two places we came across the skeleton of a horse which had fallen down these steep slopes, and once heard the despairing oaths of a member of the Legion, whose mule had broken her harness and plunged and rolled down into doubtful freedom. For mules alone could really cope with this sort of country and feel cool and comfortable among its precipices. Only quite half the army seemed to spend its time in preventing them from feeling anything of the sort, and used them to drag up all the stores and guns to their high, outpost camps.

The camps were the most primitive shelters on the very tips of the mountains, in every commanding position that the Spaniards could hold—rough, circular barricades of stones and sacks filled with earth, not unlike the traces of Pictish camps in Scotland. These hills rise so sharply from the plain that their height is accentuated. When you look down, roads and inns lie like strings of white and silver in the dark valleys, and the lines of the coast are harsh and clear. Savage and beautiful country, I salute and respect you. Had I a hat, I should take it off to you, or were I a Muslim I should take off my shoes, for this is surely holy ground. Your desolate Salvator Rosa landscape is to be painted over with mines and mills and factories, your bare and noble hill sides "opened up" to the invasion of tram lines and traders, the fierce cactus and delicate asphodel crushed and uprooted to make way for the indigent potato. It seemed good that your sanctuaries should be guarded by a race that has inherited the confident freedom of those born to move in wide spaces, the pride of an ancient historical and religious tradition.

While we were up on one of those jagged plateaux a sudden storm came on from the Atlantic, torrents of rain and a wind so strong that we had to get off our horses and hold on to the rocks. It whistled among the scraggy bushes and tore at the military cape that someone had flung round me, so that the heavy folds flew out like huge wings and I felt that with a jump I could fly to the heart of the Atlas. Instead we scrambled and slipped our way down on foot, soldiers leading the tired horses.

An Arab came plunging up the track and fired off his gun as he galloped past us. Our officer shouted something nervous and polite, but it had not any good effect, for another bullet whizzed past. "I dare say he was drunk," they said, to cheer me, because the path was narrow and it was late. As I stumbled and fell for the third time and yearned for a hot bath, Woe Harroe, I thought, for the Arabs up there in the wet dark, among rain and bullets, starving, without proper food, ill, without care or shelter, cornered without enough ammunition. And there are people who hate to live laborious days, who sport beautifully with Amaryllis in the shade and never scorn delights. Far down in the plains the small white towns where a maze of windowless walls harbour and shelter peace. Behind these iron gratings, these huge closed doors, fountains splash continually in the quiet courtyards. Beneath cool lemon trees the Arabs sit on silken cushions, savouring the delicate pleasures of immobility, abandoning themselves gravely to the long caress of the running water, of singing and of silence. About them are the majestic lines of heavily draped garments, a mosaic



of lovely stones, the clear pattern of pillars and arches open to the sky. They sit together with the aloof dignity of sea-birds on a rock, as poised and as detached. When they have anything to say they say it. Otherwise they do not speak and quiet does not offend or oppress them. Sometimes their delicate hands turn the pages of a book or move ancient chess-men on the board with the drowsy, deliberate movement of a sleep-walker.

A cloud of fragrant smoke of sandal-wood goes up from the perfume burner. As the day dies, tall candles are lit and vague shadows move quietly in the dark. Servants bring silver vessels to spray the head and garments with essence of jasmine and orange-flower. On copper trays they bear tall glasses of amber tea with floating sprigs of aromatic mint, pale gleaming dishes of chicken stuffed with almonds, cakes of saffron and honey.

Softly from inside the house come the sighing notes of a flute or a rebeck in hesitating, suspended rhythms. The voice of a singer, impetuous, exasperated, breaks out in contrast to its shaded modulations:

O Rose  
 Alive in the heart of the desert,  
 Burning a fire of red in the waste places;  
 God, who sent us the prophet,  
 Made the shadow to follow the sun.  
 But you are not my rose,  
 Nor do you flower for me alone.  
 I suffer, but I will not die.  
 Your crimson petals too shall fall to the ground.  
 Then I will gallop by on my powerful horse  
 And tread them into the dust.  
 O Rose, no one knows what I have in my heart.

The flutes cry out as the strings of the violin shiver in the dark. He sings it then again and again, and the others sing with him, staring at the reflections of the candles in the water, catching here and there at a melody half forgotten. The other songs will be almost the same. Monotony, repetition. Why not? That is rhythm. Listen to the constant, equal throbbing of the drum. Nothing is new under the sun and everything is new. Why seek strange cities when one city is a forest of dark blue shadows, where white roofs crown the arches like broad bright flowers and the life in this same street is new-born every day—why hurry here and there chasing this thing or that other thing? It is the same. You run, but your feet stay in the same place.

The dawn comes, the candles flicker and die, the singing goes on unwearyingly. But from outside comes the noisy, swaggering clatter of moving cavalry, and the tread of many boots of the same western pattern, marching in the same direction at the same time.

A harsh, clear bugle-call shatters the silence and drowns the faint music with its accurate, shouting voice:

Time is money. Time is money. Time is money.  
 Viva the alarm-clock, and the Robot!  
 Away with the drowsy flute and the scent of geranium!  
 Down with Content!

## THE NEW GARDEN

THE general advance of the twentieth century is more concerned with material things than beauty. Its most notable changes in life belong to the achievement of the internal combustion engine. Some exhibitions of its spirit suggest that, if it derides the Victorians, its own adventures, especially in that interference by Nature called Art, are too crazy ever to become classic:

When half-gods go,  
 The freaks arrive.

But in one department of beauty, the garden, it has made an immense advance. Who that remembers the old formal beds of forty years since with their invariable summer show of blue lobelia, red geranium and yellow calceolaria, and the few sorts of roses, irises and rhododendrons, can fail to be amazed at the modern profusion of colour and variety, new species which the skilful gardener now grows so successfully? I saw last June a small garden which with a blaze of colour illustrated those ingenuities. It is quite new. Three years since it was but rough land with birch trees on the golf links; now my friend has made it a thing of beauty which even the self-centred golfer stops to admire.

In the first place, I found not one garden, but three or four sorts of garden. There were the open beds and borders, and the enclosure of flowering shrubs. Then the bog garden showed a delectable little pond with water-lilies peeping out of it, and the earth taken out of this helped to form, I daresay, the range of small Alps. These in June, when the Alpines are mostly over, were crowned with the most brilliant of Antirrhinums, a blaze of orange-red, descending to blue and yellow, purple and white, and pink thyme as sweet and profuse as the wild sort, but on a larger scale. The blue in these days is most varied. The *Lithospermum* which makes so brilliant a carpet was getting over, but there was another blue sort of it in full bloom that looked like sea-lavender. Corn-flowers and flax were suggestions of the sky we have missed this summer, and Canterbury Bells, tall and short, were all delightful. The yellow was a luxuriant mass of *Alyssum* with a *Potentilla* that looked like a rose, and the level border was full of *Nemesia*, a gift from South Africa which used to be speckled in various colours, and now has attained to a red and blue as strong as that of the *Salvias*. It is one of the *Figwort* family which gives us so many agreeable things to look at. In this garden alone it supplies white fox-gloves, tall mulleins, the snapdragons, and the *Mimulus* which came from America to conquer our native streams some hundred years since. Under cultivation it is yellow and brown or cunningly spotted between the two. It supplies *Veronica*, shrubs of which bloom at all seasons, equal even to the English frost. This is an instance of those early and late varieties that our grandfathers never knew and that put out of date Horace's call for the late rose as a rarity.

The *Mimulus* grows round the pond, which is backed by a stone wall, full of crevices and flowers, and on the edge of the water I saw rising the *Lobelia fulgens*, a tall red flower that puts the old small blue out of countenance. The new *Primulas* from the Far East were enjoying themselves in the moist soil, and a little border of *Phlox* was subtly blue. Here I expected to find the beautiful Lady's Slipper, *Cypripedium*, but it was blooming in moss at the side of the Alps.

The show border was original, being devised with a background of beech-wood hedge, and its main features were *Delphiniums* shown against the small round-headed blobs of golden privet trees, and contrasted with large red poppies and the orange marigolds that won exotic Oxford's heart a year or two ago. More yellow appeared in masses of *Thalictrum*, a handsome cousin of the wild Meadow Rue, and the brick-red of *Lychnis Chalcedonica* showed up wonderfully. (It might be called in the old style *Nonesuch* or *Campion* of Constantinople, but the gardener will have his Latin polysyllables as part of his mystery.) More colour still shone in *Anchusa* "Opal," a wider blue than that of *Dropmore*, and tall orange lilies, and there was white to relieve the eye in a neat plant of *Clematis erecta* which looked like a *Spiræa*. In front the Catmint supplied a border of profuse mauve that required occasional suffumigation, like the talk of the greatest of authors.

Behind the beech hedge the garden spread out into

admirable rows of Columbines and Sweet Williams, and odd, striking flowers I had never seen before. One of them was Phlomis, which looks like a yellow nettle raised supernaturally on the Food of the Gods and grown out of all knowledge. This odd Greek word or something like it the learned Dr. Singer identifies as a mullein, but here it is a Labiate. Modern nomenclators care nothing for that: they are like Habakkuk, capable of anything. Not far off was a summer-house where I discovered a recipe for romance, the one touch wanted to complete the garden. Mr. Mencken's amusing *American Mercury* had been left there and quoted the desperate case of a love-afflicted young man. He advertised that he could only be saved by a damsel weighing less than 135 pounds.

Opposite the front door a glorious cabbage plant branched into thousands of white flowers, the only tolerable form of *Crambe repetita*. The development of the Cistus family was another modern pleasure to note. I adored one luxuriant bush, a mass of white flowers with yellow centres like the wild Field Rose. Another marked its yellow flowers with a brown centre. With all these pretty combinations on view why are the only ties men can buy so ugly? Nature—thank goodness!—has not yet taken to Jazz.

Must the flowers be all of new or improved varieties? Of course not. In a corner flourished the tall English lilies, which dignify many an old cottage garden, and at the window that overlooks the smooth turf with the croquet hoops nodded Monthly Roses, remembered from childhood as blooming in every month. They have not the elaboration of up-to-date roses, but a simple charm instead.

A view of these things and much more that I have forgotten was enough to make anyone envious. But while I was idling, my friend, as indefatigable as ever, was bending his back over his borders and working hard. I realized that

Such gardens are not made  
By singing:—"Oh, how beautiful," and sitting in the shade.

City-pent, I am no gardener myself, and on my rare visits to the country I have to be content with the dictum of Tacitus that, "though it is pleasant to grow and elaborate your own flowers, Nature's wildings please me better." But I do admire and applaud the energy and taste and knowledge which have made all this beauty. And much of it after all is Nature's. Nature, transplanted from South Africa or China, shows these braveries, encouraged by a congenial hand like that of Giles Winterborne at Little Hintock.

RUSTICUS

## OUR THEATRE

By J. B. PRIESTLEY

OUR village is in a state of great excitement this week. Madame Such-and-Such "and her Company of Talented Artistes from London"—I quote the bills—are paying us their annual visit. They have taken over that large brick hut on the right near the church, our village recreation hall, famous for its dances and whist-drives. You can seat—that is, if you are Madame Such-and-Such and know all about these things—nearly two hundred people in our recreation hut, and what with chairs, forms with backs, forms without backs, and standing space, you can have a fine range and variety of prices, from 6d. to 2s.

Madame has put up a proper stage, curtain and all. I don't say it is a very big stage, for I imagine a horse would completely fill it; nor do I pretend that the lighting arrangements are good, seeing that there are no footlights and that more light falls upon the first two rows of seats (as I know to my cost) than it does upon the stage; nor do I think it altogether wise to smother one section of the orchestra (the piano and violin) behind a curtain on one side and to smother the other section (a drum) behind a curtain on the other side; and indeed it would be easy to point out all manner of defects. Nevertheless, it is a real stage, echoing to the tread of real actors, and as it is the only one we have here, we are glad to make the most of it. Madame's spokesman before the curtain told us last night that she expected all her old friends and patrons to rally round her, and I am sure she will not be disappointed. Full houses should be the rule, for whole busloads of playgoers will be coming in to our village, from as far as Little Combe and Long Chumpton. And there is, you must understand, an entire change of programme every night, a different four or five act play, different "varieties," and a different "screaming sketch to conclude," every night. Here is the old generosity, real money's worth: play, variety, farce.

Moreover, as the man told us last night, all the plays are of different kinds. On Wednesday we are to have a piece that is a companion play to the 'Prisoner of Zenda' and "hin the hopinion of many dramatic critics a far superior play." On Thursday we shall have the laughable comedy 'Which Is Which,' not to be confounded, we were told, with the comedy 'Who's Who' played here the last time the company came; and all those of us "who desire a hearty laugh" are requested to attend on Thursday. Friday gives us a fine drama of military life; and then, to crown the week, there will be "that grand Saturday night drama of love and hate"—'The Gipsy's Revenge.' I am looking forward to 'The Gipsy's Revenge.'

Last night, the opening performance of the season, we had 'The Village Vagabond,' played to a crowded and enthusiastic house. I was there myself and so know all about it. Who, do you imagine, took our money at the door? If you think it was some hireling, then you are very simple. Madame herself, already made up for the part of Mother, took our money, and gave us tickets and change with gestures that showed she had not played the noble matron for forty years for nothing. Madame takes the money herself and, before she sweeps on to the stage as the harassed wife and loving mother, you may be sure she counts it too. Madame has been in this business for a great many years. Who showed me to my seat? The very man who, a quarter of an hour later, came on as Jack, the wicked brother, the dissipated fop, the spendthrift, forger, the would-be murderer of his father. In the part, however, he wore little black sidewhiskers that contrasted rather piquantly with his brown hair, and proved that he was no longer the gentleman who showed us to our seats, but a scoundrel, a hissing plotter.

'The Village Vagabond' is none of your new trumped-up melodramas. Crummies himself



must have opened with it many a time. It is a melodrama in the real old tradition. That tradition decrees that as soon as a character is mentioned, somebody must look off and cry "But here he comes," that nobody must ever really go more than a few yards away from the scene so as to be ready to pop in again in a minute or two, that all the virtuous characters must be extremely sententious and rather silly and all the wicked ones very rude and even sillier. These pieces reveal to us the affairs of some planet quite different from this, one in which all the people who know one another meet at every turn and everybody is slightly mad but gloriously rhetorical. Not that we villagers mind that: we see enough of this world and are delighted to find ourselves in another one, strangely different, for an hour or two.

We liked these people, no matter how queerly they behaved. We liked Harry, the so-called village vagabond, really a fellow with a heart of gold, idolized by all the fisher folk. He had very curly hair, wore a blue jersey and high boots, always talked very nobly at the top of his voice, and was always on hand to snatch at horsewhips and revolvers. We knew very well that he had never attempted to murder his father, that he had returned to the old home, from which he had been banished, merely to change his clothes, the clothes that he actually brought with him to the old home—a queer procedure certainly but not to be confused with attempted murder. We knew that he would escape from Portland, though we actually saw him (and all the other characters too) in the quarry there, slaving away putting two half bricks in a bucket and then taking them out again. And because we liked the comic Jew moneylender, who called everybody "Ma tear" and had a passion for crawling about on all fours, we knew that he too, though no better than he should be, would escape, and be just in time to give evidence, to point to the man "who struck down his father in his brother's clothes." If you imagine that Father wore his brother's clothes, you do not understand the plot, though I must confess that the phrase just quoted—Acts Three and Four were peppered with it—does suggest something of the kind.

Jack, the bad brother, was rather too mysterious a figure for my taste. Every time he entered, you began asking yourself all manner of puzzling questions. True, he was a swell, almost a London swell—everybody said so—and no doubt these swells are very different from the rest of us. But why did he wear white spats in the evening, with his dinner jacket? Was it to suggest that he had now completely abandoned himself to a life of luxury? And then why, later that evening, did he exchange his dinner jacket for a morning coat, still wearing his dress shirt and waistcoat, and why was it somebody else's morning coat, five sizes too large for him? Why did he arrive in the Portland quarries dressed for tennis, with an open shirt and a blazer, yet wearing a straw hat and carrying a walking stick? Was it so that he might all the more effectively mock at his wretched brother, now a convict in a grey flannel suit with broad arrows chalked on, and doomed to pick up half bricks? Can you wonder that Ny-omi, his cousin and the heroine, should scorn his

attentions and give her hand and heart to his brother, a man who asked for nothing more than a blue jersey and top boots and detested all sartorial profligacy and perversity? Ny-omi was good. She took us back to the time when heroines were not thin sneering little creatures but fourteen stone of feminine sweetness and virtue, coming on with their sunbonnets and baskets, talking at all critical moments in the paragraphs of eighteenth-century orators, and with rings left them by their mothers to give to the men who had won their hearts. To hear Ny-omi talk, as she did very frequently during those dark hours in the Portland quarries, of "Heaven'sss helppp," was to know that all would be well.

But Father and Mother were best of all. Father, so rich and hard-hearted, was the most worried-looking man I have ever seen: his face was all red lines. He wore a collar so very stiff and tall that he had not the heart to change it throughout the piece, not even when he came on, in the quarries, pretending, behind a beard and a peaked cap, to be a warder. He worked very hard during that act, for he came on twice as Father, in an astonishing top hat and frock coat, and twice or three times as a warder. Moreover, he used a colossal amount of breath in the delivery of his lines, for he put an "h" in the middle of every word and an "a" at the end. "Tre-hewa, tre-hewa," he would say, when for once he agreed with anybody; or "Ger-hoa yer-hewa hara ner-hoa ler-honger a ser-huna of mer-hine-a." It reads queerly I know, but it sounded magnificent.

Mother—Madame herself—was better still. She had not a great deal to do, but a moment of her was worth an hour of anybody else. Even Father seemed a mere mumbling modern compared with her; she carried us back to the glorious antiquity of melodrama; she was the noblest Roman of them all. Speech was beneath her; she fairly sang her lines; and with a few higher notes would have plunged us into oratorio. To hear her cry "He is our son, spar-a-re himmm!" was to understand the grand manner; you caught a glimpse of the stage when it was the stage. What a noble tragic figure she made in the Second Act, when the storm was raging as hard as the man with the whistle and drum could make it rage, and she was told to leave the house by Father; when she stood there with the good Harry's coat flung over her ample bare shoulders, or over part of them—for it was pitifully inadequate; when lightning more terrible than that of the storm flashed from her eyes, and in chest notes deeper than the thunder she revealed the strength and majesty of maternal love! When she swept out, you could have sworn that the black night had really swallowed her; it was absurd to think that she was behind that little curtain, having a nip of something and keeping her eye on the takings. If her patrons do not rally round her (and I can promise for one), then the Drama is dead.

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¶ Readers who experience difficulty or delay in obtaining the SATURDAY REVIEW are asked to communicate with the Publisher, 9 King Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2, who is always glad to give the matter his personal attention.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

¶ The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.

¶ Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach him on Tuesday.

## THE INDIAN COMMISSION

SIR,—You are perfectly justified in your condemnation of the theory that Royal Commissions should be composed of representatives of those who are wrangling over the subject of inquiry. The Government have done well in appointing a Commission which, though its personnel, apart from Sir John Simon, may not be brilliant, is at least (1) impartial and (2) usefully suggestive of the truth that the final decision in regard to India can rest only with the British Parliament.

The exclusion of Indians from the Commission is no hardship. Through the proposed machinery they will have ample opportunities at every stage of expressing their opinions. Where there is a serious weakness is in the failure to provide definitely for the expression of the views of individual officials, whether British or Indian. I stress the word individual. Writing with somewhat unusual knowledge of Indian conditions, I venture to say that neither the Government of India nor the Provincial Governments can, corporately, be depended upon to give thoroughly candid opinions on the actual working of diarchy. Such opinions can be obtained only in confidence from individual officials.

You would be doing a service if you insisted that the Commission should have throughout its work the assistance of, say, a dozen senior officials, not necessarily all of them British by race. Not that officials are required to pronounce on the principles involved, but that they alone can testify how the complicated machinery of diarchy works. It is within my own knowledge that in one Province, where something like a success has been made of diarchy, that success has been secured by a judicious forgetfulness that it was in force, by maintaining a unitary Government behind the scenes, while presenting to the public the pretence of diarchy.

Further, since any advance in self-government means the handing over of sanitation and education to Indians, there might well be a supplementary inquiry into Indian conceptions of hygiene and of the duty of educating the "untouchable" castes.

This country has obligations not only to a minority of politically ambitious Indians but also to a majority whose hopes of rising in the social scale would vanish if this country unconditionally transferred responsibility to Indian politicians.

I am etc.,

"TWENTY YEARS IN INDIA"

## THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNION OBJECTS

SIR,—Who the devil is your Oxford Correspondent? For want of his true name I shall call him Mr. Bones.

Oxford has long been pestered with the hypocritical solicitude of London journalists with nothing better to say: it becomes intolerable when people purporting to be members of the University write snivelling complaints to solid weeklies, for whom we have more respect.

Inevitably your lugubrious friend opens with "Oxford Sport," not to tell you any item of intimate news, but just to groan in a general sort of way. Having prostituted our success against the Waratahs to the service of his grief, Mr. Bones obscures the rest of our sport under the phrase, "In other directions there is some prospect of improvement, but hardly of renaissance"—whatever this hedging concession may mean. In all branches of sport he could

this term find victories. I shall content myself with inviting him to visit the running track; there he will find renaissance.

One would imagine from his letter frequent groups of dispirited undergraduates moodily despising Cambridge. We are not concerned with Cambridge. His statement that "men who habitually represent their colleges in any form of sport are now certainly in a minority" is, within its narrow scope of possible meaning, untrue. His remark that "In this atmosphere the thorough-going athlete must feel out of place" is idiotic. That the O.T.C., of all our institutions, gives him hope, must delight the War Office.

"Future great leaders or the embryos of first-rate minds are not conspicuous," says Mr. Bones. This attempt to spot winners I have always regarded as irritating. Probably these desirable characters and mentalities have not sought the public eye or even Mr. Bones's company.

Mr. Bones has sensed "defeatism"; it "showed itself strongly in the first Union Debate of this term," because we had the cowardice to consider whether America or Russia was the greater danger. Now each speaker in such a debate is expected to compare the dangers, not to debate whether there is danger. Thus the only confessed defeatist is he who framed the motion. I did. I am not a defeatist. Nor is Mr. Bones indomitable because he denies both dangers: he is an ostrich.

Most offensive, indeed, is Mr. Bones in his courageous mood. "Yet with much to justify despondency, despondency is not the outcome." What a trumpet-call! What a herald of renaissance! If Mr. Bones really wishes to denounce us, why not do it vigorously? If to encourage us—but clearly this is not his purpose. If he just wants to cry, do ask him to keep to his diary.

"The present Oxford generation knows enough to know that it cannot presume to be certain about anything." Well, I am certain about this: that Oxford has revived already, and that the great burdens about our necks are people like Mr. Bones, especially when his two visions of hope in a whole university are (1) the O.T.C., where first may be detected an "undeveloped minority tendency" towards "real life endeavour," and (2) the dubious prospect of "things settling down enough to allow a new world mind to start crystallizing," and, says Mr. Bones, "there will be congenial soil for it at Oxford." My, what muck!

I am, etc.,

C. S. MALCOLM BRERETON

(President of the Oxford Union Society)

[In response to the President of the Union's delicate invitation we are delighted to tell him who the devil our "lugubrious friend" is, who—nothing if not impartial—pesters Oxford simultaneously with "hypocritical solicitude" and "snivelling complaints." He is not, as the President seems to suppose, a "London journalist with nothing better to say"; he does not "purport" to be a member of the University; he is a member of the University. If Mr. Brereton would butcher Mr. Bones he must find another chopper. As to our Correspondent's intentions, the President may calm himself; our Mr. Bones has no desire either to denounce or to encourage him. His object is merely to observe and record. Judging from the language of his last sentence the President finds Mr. Bones offensive to his nostrils; but while the President is using his nose our Correspondent is busy with his eyes, and in our opinion the eyes have it.—ED. S.R.]

## INDUSTRIAL POLICY

SIR,—Sir Alfred Mond is not alone in his "boundless faith in the future expansion of industry." All writers on the New Economics lay great stress on the



fact that applied science has solved the problem of production for all time. The Age of Plenty is with us already. The problem of the moment is how to evoke effective demand for those ultimate commodities which industry is so ready to supply and for lack of which there is so much social unrest. It is on this question of "how" that we join issue with Sir Alfred Mond.

Profit sharing may have its uses in individual instances (in the case of Imperial Chemical Industries Ltd., for example) but as a panacea it has no merits. No attempt to stimulate output and increase consumption based on the redistribution of existing purchasing power can end in anything but failure—for there is not enough to go round. The whole matter has been summed up time and again by a very able critic of financial policy and its repercussion on industrial problems; who, in dealing with Sir Alfred Mond's scheme, says:

The total wage payments of all firms together, even when dividends are added, do not keep pace with the costs of the resulting production. If the whole of the money were expended on buying this production outright, there would remain a large amount of production unsold.

Until that irrefutable fact has been thoroughly assimilated by all captains of industry and controllers of credit no progress will be made. Now, in the current number of the *Banker*, Mr. Keynes tells us that we are

just at the very beginning of the scientific age in economics and business.

Which is vastly encouraging. As soon as we admit our ignorance we have taken our first step towards knowledge. Also the late Lord Milner once wrote in the *Observer* the following pregnant words:

The capacity of man to make use of the forces of nature has increased a hundred-fold. But can it be said that this immense addition to the power of human production is reflected in a corresponding improvement in human well-being?

It is not. Here then is the right attitude of mind in which this problem should be approached. We want more knowledge—more light. On the one hand we have limitless powers of production, on the other millions of consumers lacking purchasing power. Can that purchasing power be supplied by submitting the mechanism of distribution and consumption—money—to the same searching analysis that has had such astounding results when applied to the process of production? Surely it is permissible to ask this question without its being contemptuously rejected, after the manner of Mr. Beaumont Pease, as one of those

unsuitable subjects for after-dinner discussion, for debating societies, and for other occasions when time is no object and when a practical outcome for these theories is not really looked for or expected. [Address to the Central Council of the Economic League.]

Would it not rather be wiser to invite such discussion in the Press and in private by all who earnestly desire to evolve a sound industrial policy on Conservative, Constitutional lines rather than leave it to those who have had little or no dinner, whose debating societies are Communist Clubs, and the "practical outcome" of whose theories would be extremely unpleasant to optimistic industrial magnates and pragmatic bank chairmen?

I am, etc.,  
J. S. KIRKBRIDE

The Old Hall,  
Lowdham, Notts

#### GLADSTONE UNDER THE MICROSCOPE

SIR,—A. A. B.'s review of Osbert Burdett's book on Gladstone was quaint, probably like Mr. Burdett's book, which I have not read. Not because I am "moved" by A. A. B.'s two columns of hate, may I ask him a few questions?

Does he think (i) that Gladstone ought either not to have started a Tory Protectionist or to have

remained as he started? (ii) that Disraeli ought to have remained a Radical? (iii) that Peel lost the *Conservative* party in '45? (iv) hence that Don Quixote and Sancho Panza (Bentinck and Disraeli) were Conservatives '45-'48? (v) that Gladstone ever desired a Liberal Group or the Liberal Party? (vi) that, since Cobden was not allowed to be Prime Minister, anybody besides Peel could have repealed the Corn Laws? (vii) that there were two parties '49-'59? (viii) that the author of the words "life itself is a noble calling," "had no principle except what is regularly called going with the times"?

I anticipate A. A. B.'s answers thus: (i) yes, (ii) yes, (iii) ?, (iv) yes, (v) yes, (vi) yes, (vii) yes; (viii) yes; and so his review appears intelligible and he not so simple as Mr. Gladstone.

O *Simplicitas*! After staying with Gladstone, Jowett said that no such simple person had been in so high a position. It was this simplicity in all the aspects of his life that led the Queen to declare (coupling him with a few others), "To me it seems as if they were all a little mad."

I am etc.,

GEOFFREY HOLLAND

Clewer Manor, Windsor

#### WESTMINSTER ABBEY

SIR,—Everyone would be glad if the Abbey could be cleared of those monuments which do not harmonize with its architecture, but alas! it is impossible. I remember that when the question was raised in 1890, William Morris used to say that the fabric had been so much cut about to receive them that they could not be removed without leaving scars more ghastly than the monuments themselves.

I am, etc.,

ROBERT STEELE

Savage Club, Adelphi, W.C.2

#### P's AND Q's

#### CLOWN'S SONG

SIR,—Dr. Johnson's explanation of the fool's song in 'Twelfth Night' is away from Shakespeare's meaning; the "it" refers to "my part of death," not the ego. The folly of the play is the advocacy of free love; see Act 3, Scene 1, and again "a plague on these pickle herrings." Love is but a game of pleasure and pain; constancy in love should be put to sea, and make "a good voyage of nothing." "Foolery shines everywhere," constancy in wise men quite taints their wit. They put crosses on tombstones as well as in love-letters. The song reads, come away here is death so fly away breath—it is cypress and yew that is wanted, not orange-blossoms nor roses—there are no stains of love on my white shroud—as my love forbids me to share love, so my death no one can share. Death alone is the constant thing, so why should there be any sighing?

J. W. GREENWOOD

#### LEATHER OR (NOT AND) PRUNELLA

SIR,—It is all leather or prunella, nothing of any moment, all rubbish. Prunella is a woollen stuff used for the uppers of ladies' boots and shoes.

Worth makes the man, the want of it the fellow,  
The rest is all but leather, or prunella.

Pope: 'Essay on Man.' Authority: Brewer's 'Dictionary of Phrase and Fable.'

M. PORRITT

## THE THEATRE THE PAINTED STAGE

BY IVOR BROWN

*Cyrano De Bergerac.* Translated by Gladys Thomas and Mary Guillemard. Apollo Theatre.

*He Who Gets Slapped.* By Leonid Andreyev. Translator Unnamed. Everyman Theatre.

*The Way of the World.* By William Congreve. Wyndham's Theatre.

I HOPE that the *Cyrano* revival will not be visited only by the older playgoer who has sentimental yearnings for the time when he went to the play in a hansom and had three solid hours of good solid moonshine for his solid golden money. Surely the young people who do not remember Tree and have a vague notion that old man Irving must be just about due for a Stracheyish study with a "period" flavour will have sufficient curiosity to look in at the Apollo and see what a play used to be. The modern appetite is all for bitter herbs, and 'Cyrano' is a lush meadow of romance. But even if the Lonsdale-Coward public find gallantry and grand passions ridiculous, they must admit that sublimity is only just round the corner in this case. After seeing a dozen plays about petty promiscuity, they may resolve to find *Cyrano's* fidelity to Roxane incredible, even as a jest. But I doubt whether their emotional detachment will be equal to their cynical determination. Tragedy jostles tushery in this play. Theatrical romanticism usually fills me with an ungovernable desire to get up and go away, but there is more than flourish-and-falsehood in Rostand. Even in a rather bleak translation he compels me to sit still and drugs my reason with his poppy seed. Better the siege of Arras and the lovers' balcony, better even the convent garden than another night at "Peter's flat in Mayfair" or "Cynthia's Studio at Chelsea," where, to misquote Mr. Chesterton, the girls who are not married demand to be divorced.

The theatre is, for ninety per cent. of the patrons, the organized misstatement of life. They go, as the saying is, to be taken out of themselves and you cannot achieve this species of transport if you find your own home, with its dilemmas and its disarray, staring at you across the footlights. The kind of lie which the theatre tells differs from age to age. Our fathers liked the noble lie; we like the ignoble. They wanted the drama to be a magnifying-glass which showed the lover engaged upon prodigies of loyalty and reflected life at about six times its natural size. Nowadays we turn the grand passion into a dwarfish lechery; love is presented as a fit of fidgets and the patron saint of wedlock would seem to be St. Vitus. We know that human beings are neither as witty nor as worthless as the fashionable dramatist draws them; but we like his cartoons if his skill deserves it. However, it is pleasant to change lies occasionally and to pass from the new theatricality of slander to the old theatricality of heroics. For this passage a revival of 'Cyrano' is a splendid opportunity.

To renew acquaintance with Gascony is to rediscover that cult of glamour and of luminous personality which it was once the first function of the theatre to serve. *Cyrano's* preposterous story assumes the uncanny lure of a tenor voice. But it does more than that. It reminds one that the playwright used to take his job seriously, instead of turning out skimpy little charades like the successful man of to-day. Here are the thews and big assemblance of a play. The player cannot chatter through it; he has to clap to it with a will and be as much larger than life as the author intends. He is a partner in the glorification of mankind instead of an accessory to libel. Above all, he is part of a picture on a painted stage and he must know

how to look that part. I saw 'Cyrano' on the first night when a series of accidents harried the production, and it would be unfair to judge subsequent events by an ill-starred opening. The stage at the Apollo is certainly a narrow battle-field for those who would storm heaven in the good old grandiose way and modern acting is about as likely to train gallant sons of Gascony as to produce good linguists in the Chinese dialects. Mr. Loraine should not, I think, have attempted to produce a panorama in which he was to play not only a chief but a colossal part, and he will probably have added something of dash to his *Cyrano* now that the cares of a troublesome first night are past. He is finely endowed for the rôle, and the stage will have music wherever he goes. He can make ordinary verse sound greater than it is and with his vibrant, challenging style he keeps romance clear of mawkishness. Mr. John Wyse is the best of his team. Mr. Francis Lister, as Christian, has little to do but look pleasant, an activity which is his by nature.

Andreyev's stage is painted with the bright tints of the circus and shaded with some bleak and boring symbolism. It is not the kindergarten symbolism of Maeterlinck nor the austere Nordic symbolism of 'The Master Builder,' but a vague Slavonic pessimism about the blows of destiny. Symbolism is nearly always a nuisance on the stage. What objection is there to expressing oneself through personalities and their problems? Shakespeare managed to get along with Hamlet and did not have to call him "He" and assume a pompous air of mystery in exhibiting his type of doubt. Among "advanced" playgoers symbolism will always be popular because they can look profound in the intervals and be very knowing (and inarticulate) about the author's terrific intentions. If Andreyev had anything more in mind than some obvious platitudes about fate in writing his tale of the disappointed gentleman who became the clown who gets the slaps, he failed to express it and was an incompetent dramatist. To help us along the management at Hampstead print an anonymous exposition of Andreyev's immensities. "Her Majesty Fate and His Majesty Accident, these are the two dark, unknown, at times brutal forces which dwelt ever before his mind's eye. . . The relations of man to man, of group to group, according to Andreyev, are such that the Man is forced to efface himself. Even Thought or the Book, could not help the Man to become a God." Did ever commonplace gloom wear such fine petticoats? I hope the high-brows are being suitably impressed.

Certainly I do not deride the play as a story or a spectacle. Slough away the tedious symbolism and still more tedious commentary and the charm of a painted stage remains. Rostand gave us the cavalier who endures all for love; Andreyev, the clown who dies for the love of a lady. Romance is tenderly touched and seasoned with social satire in the bad baron, magnificently presented by Mr. Frederick Lloyd. Mr. Rosmer's production is very neat and deft; an Alsatian view of life behind the scenes, but given with a fine sense of the artificial style. His own performance of "He" is humorous and graceful, but does not sufficiently suggest the previous torment which sent the aristocrat to the ring. The piece, viewed as a picture, is charming; as a contribution to philosophy it is only Despair in a suit of motley and I suggest to the management that there is no need to boom thus portentously on the programme. They will only frighten the ordinary playgoer who ought to be delighted by a tender story in a pretty frame.

Miss Edith Evans brings Millamant back to life with lustre undiminished. Her acting is a model of economy. Congreve, having created a superb character, stupidly kept the part too small. Miss Evans wastes not a word of the scant measure. Every syllable is perfectly pointed, every phrase tapped into place in the scheme of high comedy. The radiant magnetism of the player is disciplined by an infinite diligence in the



kind of acting which is composed and considered to the tiniest move and intonation. This Millamant, with its cold animation and its raillery turned into a decorative art, is a welcome lamp amid the gloom of a dull season. I do not know why any actor should want to play Mirabell. The part is laborious and thankless—a "feed," as professional slang would call it. Mr. Godfrey Tearle plays it with an honourable unobtrusiveness and with a gravity which is pleasant and not ponderous. Mr. Norman V. Norman and Mr. Henry Hewitt give admirable performances, but Mr. Pelham Boulton's Witwoud and Miss Ruth Maitland's Lady Wishfort are set on a monotonous high note and some fun must be reported missing. Miss Penelope Spencer dances cleverly in grotesque style which has nothing to do with the case and Mr. Playfair's production is as brightly brisk as ever.

## VERSE

### FOR THE RAINY SEASON

(Being a rendering of Baudelaire's 'Spleen'\*)

By D. S. MACCOLL

WHEN heaven weighs low and heavy as a cover  
On the spirit groaning under weary blight,  
And from its circle's every point soever  
Pours a black day more dismal than the night;

When earth's a cell, dank walls and rotten ceilings,  
Where Hope, changed to the likeness of a bat,  
Flutters about with little timid wheelings  
And beats with a blind head on this and that;

When in vast fringes, wide and ever wider,  
Come down the prison railings of the rain,  
And a mute infamous people of the spider  
Settles to spin its webs about the brain,

Bells, of a sudden, clangorous and tuneless,  
Leap and launch skyward all their fury pent,  
As if a host of errant spirits and kinless  
Joined in a drear and obstinate lament

—And funerals long, nor drum nor trumpet sounding,  
File slowly through my heart; Hope, on the rack,  
Quails, weeps; Anguish, atrocious and confounding,  
Plants over my bowed head her banner black.

\*Quand le ciel bas et lourd pèse comme un couvercle  
Sur l'esprit gémissant en proie aux longs ennuis,  
Et que de l'horizon embrassant tout le cercle  
Il nous verse un jour noir plus triste que les nuits;

Quand la terre est changée en un cachot humide,  
Où l'Espérance, comme une chauve-souris,  
S'en va battant les murs de son aile timide  
Et se cognant la tête à des plafonds pourris;

Quand la pluie étalant ses immenses traînées  
D'une vaste prison imite les barreaux,  
Et qu'un peuple muet d'infâmes araignées  
Vient tendre ses filets au fond de nos cerveaux

Des cloches tout à coup sautent avec furie  
Et lancent vers le ciel un affreux hurlement,  
Ainsi que des esprits errants et sans patrie  
Qui se mettent à geindre opiniâtement.

—Et de longs corbillards, sans tambour ni musique,  
Défilent lentement dans mon âme; l'Espoir,  
Vaincu, pleure, et l'Angoisse, atroce, despotique,  
Sur mon crâne incliné plante son drapeau noir.

## MUSIC

### NEW GRAMOPHONE RECORDS

OF all the great symphonies one would have thought that Brahms's fourth in E minor, with its reputation for abstruseness, would have been the one of which record-makers would fight most shy. But Brahms is in the ascendant once more and the Gramophone Company have courageously issued the work complete. Having listened to these records of it, I wonder how it ever got its reputation for difficulty. It is true that the development of the great *passacaglia* is not to be discerned even by accomplished musicians at a first hearing, that the third movement does not conform to the laws of the *scherzo* formulated by Beethoven either in metre or in form, and that in the first movement Brahms has broken down the last rigidity of the sonata-form, developing it freely according to his own poetic will. But these are not matters which trouble, at any rate consciously, the ordinary listener, though he is not improbably puzzled to find his way about any music that does not conform to the patterns to which experience has accustomed him. It is more likely that the Symphony owes its reputation rather to the strange, but very characteristic, blending of the moods which are expressed in it. Its warmth is counteracted by a certain austerity of manner and its good-nature is contradicted by outbursts of saturnine humour. That grim *scherzo* is certainly puzzling and there was a time when I thought it clumsily written. But once the composer's mood—not a very genial, perhaps even a definitely unpleasant one—is appreciated, it will be seen that any other treatment of the ideas, especially a delicate manner, would have been impossible, and that the seeming clumsiness is an essential part of them.

This movement is the ultimate expression of a queer streak in Brahms's nature, which peeps out here and there in his other works, notably in parts of the pianoforte concerto in B flat. Once these disparate moods, which are here so wonderfully blended into a single work, are understood, the difficulty vanishes. The listener must bring this amount of understanding to it, for it is not written in a light vein for the lazy-minded. But then, what work to which the adjective "great" can be truly applied has been so written?

The performance by the London Symphony Orchestra, under Hermann Abendroth, is excellent. Indeed, it came as a surprise after my one dismal experience of this conductor at the Queen's Hall. There are times when his treatment might be a little more lively and imaginative, but on the whole the beauty of the work is very fully displayed, and there is no seeking after meretricious effect. The recording is as good as anything that has been done. The balance of tone as between treble and bass is unusually good and the instrumental colours are generally faithful to the originals. Unfortunately the piccolo, to which the third movement owes much of its peculiar feeling, is almost inaudible. But any student or lover of music will find the £2 which the set with an album costs well spent. The symphony belongs to the category of music to which one can listen often without tiring of it.

The two records also issued by H.M.V. of Franck's Symphonic Variations, made by Cortôt with the same orchestra, conducted by Sir Landon Ronald, are not so good. Both pianoforte and orchestra sound harsher than in the Brahms records, and the orchestral tone is strangely flat. But the actual performance is very polished and well-balanced, though on Cortôt's part a little cold. The remaining records in the list include some made by d'Alvarez, Maartje Offers, Thibaud and Isolde Menges. Each does accustomed things in the accustomed way.

On opening the packet of Columbia records I was startled to find myself confronted with eleven records of excerpts from Wagner's works, including 'Parsifal,' made in the Bayreuth Festspielhaus and issued with the approval of the composer's son. Wagner must be very safely buried in his grave behind Wahnfried not to have risen in protest at this desecration, as he would undoubtedly have thought it, of his sacrosanct music-drama. It is amusing to remember that, so long as the copyright of the work lasted, his expressed wish that 'Parsifal' should not be given outside Bayreuth was religiously observed by the Wagner family. The sacred festival-drama was Bayreuth's most valuable asset, and well they knew it. Now the exclusive privilege of presenting it has passed from their hands; but one had thought that filial piety would have outbalanced other considerations and prevented this making of excerpts within the sacred precincts. For Wagner disapproved of excerpts being made even from 'The Ring.' There is, of course, no fundamental objection to the recording of 'Parsifal,' especially as it has already been done extensively by other companies, excepting the broad objection that excerpts always do grave injustice to the music—which was Wagner's good reason for disliking the practice.

The records vary considerably in merit. Some of them, notably the Entry of the Gods, complete with the trio of Rhinemaidens excellently sung, is admirable. The Good Friday Music from 'Parsifal,' with Alexander Kipnis and Fritz Wolf as Gurnemanz and Parsifal, is also good. The Walkürenritt, on the other hand, is a deplorable example of the worst type of Wagner performance. The tempo is too slow and lifeless, and the wooden rhythm is underlined with maddening precision all the way through. The singing of the warrior-maidens is good, though rather overpowering. The 'Ring' excerpts are conducted by Franz von Hoesslin, those from 'Parsifal' by Karl Muck and Siegfried Wagner.

H.

## LITERARY COMPETITIONS—90

SET BY T. MICHAEL POPE

A. On November 2, 1831, Thomas Carlyle paid a visit to Charles Lamb. An account of that visit has been preserved in Carlyle's 'Diary.' It has also been reprinted in Mr. E. V. Lucas's 'Life of Lamb.' Vol. II, pp. 238-9. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for an account of the same visit as narrated by Lamb himself. Competitors are restricted to 300 words.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best poem (of not more than twenty lines) entitled 'The Prime Minister to his Pipe.' Humour is recommended, and irony will be considered.

## RULES

i. All envelopes must be marked LITERARY, followed by the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to the Editor, The SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2 (e.g., this week, LITERARY 90a, or LITERARY 90b).

ii. Typescript is not essential, provided the writing is legible, but competitors must use one side of the paper only. Pen-names may be employed if desired.

iii. Where a word limit is set, every fifty words must be marked off by competitors on their MSS.

iv. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves to himself the right to print in part or in whole any matter sent in for competition, whether successful or not. MSS. cannot be returned. Competitors failing to comply with any of these rules will be disqualified. Should the entries submitted be adjudged undeserving of award the Editor reserves the right to withhold a prize or prizes.

Entries must reach the Editor, addressed according to the rules, not later than by the first post on Monday, November 28, 1927. The results will be announced in the issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW for December 3. Neither the Editor nor the setter of the Competitions can enter into any correspondence with competitors.

## LITERARY COMPETITIONS—88

SET BY ANTHONY BERTRAM

A. "Why do people spend more money," asked Mr. Mould, "upon a death, Mrs. Gamp, than upon a birth?" Had Mr. A. E. Housman been there and replied instead of Mrs. Gamp, he might have done so in verse. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas for the reply which is most characteristic, and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for that which runs it up.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best translation of Mark Antony's funeral oration into the prose of a twentieth-century American mayor.

We have received the following report from Mr. Bertram, with which we concur, and we have pleasure in awarding the prizes in accordance with his recommendations.

## REPORT FROM MR. BERTRAM

A. I have had great difficulty in deciding between a number of admirable entries. Some that were admirable as parodies, however, fell early out of the running because they did not reply to Mr. Mould's question. It is essential that competitors should attend carefully to the requirements of the competitions. There were some entrants in this competition so careless as to waste time on parodying Mrs. Gamp. I did not hesitate in recommending Majolica for the first prize, but I found it difficult to decide between the claims of Helen and P. R. Laird for the second, finally recommending the former because of her greater invention. Mr. Laird's entry is remarkably well knit, but lacks any outstanding lines. I recommend him, of course, for honourable mention. So, too, do I recommend Rufus, Major Brawn, Jan Cranna, Lester Ralph, Doris Elles, and Arrow, whose opening stanza is worthy of quotation:

Birth so cheap; so dear to die!  
Man, you ask the reason why?  
Plain enough it is to know  
The cost at which we come and go.

Will Majolica and Helen send their names and addresses to the Editor?

## FIRST PRIZE

When I was born in Ludlow  
I was a likely lad;  
My mother's joy to bear me  
Was all the gold she had.

'Twas cheap enough to bear me,  
But O when I am dead,  
'Twill cost both gold and silver  
To lay me in my bed.

And gladly may we pay it,  
Our silver and our gold;  
We buy a lad from sorrow  
Who buy six feet of mould.



And wise are men that poorly  
Are born and richly die;  
They've trouble for the asking,  
But peace is dear to buy.

MAJOLICA

## SECOND PRIZE

Oh, when the sons of sorrow  
First see the light of day,  
Their hapless mothers borrow  
The swaddling clothes, for they  
Are loth enough to pay.

And who would spend a penny  
To celebrate a birth,  
Seeing there are too many,  
And of too little worth,  
Already on the earth?

But hand will empty pocket  
To honour him for whom  
The flame has reached the socket,  
For when he seeks the tomb  
He leaves more elbow room.

And if he leaves a shilling  
Or maybe two behind,  
His neighbours are more willing  
To call the dead to mind  
After the proper kind.

And elbows raised in drinking  
Mean room not used in vain—  
There's little use in thinking  
Of lads who lie in the rain  
And come no more again.

HELEN

B. The entries for this competition were fewer but even harder to judge. W. R. Dunstan's seems to me the wittiest and most essentially vulgar entry, and I recommend him for the first prize. Athos, Lester Ralph, and R. G. Meyer submitted specimens of American which delighted me almost equally. After much consideration I recommend Athos as seeming to be most effortless. The slang flows. In the others it seems a little forced. I wish there were space to print them all and ask readers to judge. Unluckily I was so foolish as to set no limit in length.

## FIRST PRIZE

Say, guys, Tony calling. Hang on hard. I an't here to do the big noise over Ju. Jes to plant him. A feller's sins go on sparkin'. Real good gets parked with'n. Thet's the ticket fer Ju. Broad-gauge Bru let on Ju wanted to do the big streak. That's whar Ju missed the bus. He's paid some. Bru's white and clean. Reckon they're all hundred-per-cent. cutey boys. See here, did'n ole Ju rake in the dols with them hoofers he trekked hum right here; did'n he pass the sob-stuff over to the down-unders; did'n he say "No Bid" three times, yep, when I passed him up the lil, ole, brass hat? Call that the big boost? Nope. I an't puttin' the lid on Bru. I know. You kinda hitched to Ju awhile back. Say, boobys, why an't you sorry? Judgment! Guess we're real muts. Easy on, boys. I'm right thar with Ju. Reckon I'll ease off fer a spell. . . . Yestiddy Ju was some. Now he's down under, sure. Ef I got busy, bo's, teasin' you to see red I'd be playin' it low on ole Bru and Cass. An' they're straight bugs. Nope. Guess I'll pass. See here. Ju's will. I yanked it out of his buroo. No, I an't agon to read it, you bet. Ef I put you wise

reckon you'd stake out a claim in red ochre and comb out ole Ju for heirlooms. . . . Hold hard, boys. You an't hickory, you an't rocks, you're great kids. Ef you larned you'd struck it lucky in this yer will you'd go off the deep end, real mad. . . . Say, this an't a non-stop. Guess I've played resky. 'Pears to me I'm hurtin' the swell kids who knifed ole Ju. . . . So, you will have it. Wal, clear a ring round Ju. I'm gon to make him look good in a close-up. Say, 'll you 'low me to make tracks down the shoot? . . . Reckon yure crowdin' me some. Get skerce. . . . Ef you feel called upon to trickle the glycerine, now's your time. Recollec Ju's overall? I remember fust time he looked gay in it. Same day he knocked the Nervii endways. Jes cast yer gig-lamps over here and see whar Casca let the daylight in. And whar Cass and Bru perforated. See how the juice trod on the gas to find out who was hurling the fast ones. Bru was Ju's swamy boy. Ju had a real crush on him. Regler life contract. That's what makes it real unkind. Th' ingratitude fair bust Ju. Made him hooey all over. Then he trekked to old Pomp's Statoo and hopped the twig. My! some fall. Regler made the grade. Ah! now yure sprinklin' an' feel good. An all becos Ju's overall's the sorta thing the cat wouldn't bring in. See here, Ju hisself messed up by a lot o' klucks. . . . Say, kids, don't raise Cain fer me. I can't put it over like Bru. I'm jest ornary. I can't do the big thrill. Say, ef I could spout to tender minds like Bru, I opine Ju's wounds 'd get yure danders riz, sure. . . . Say, pards, yure gettin yer lines crossed. Wut about this yer will? . . . See here, 15 dols per head all round. What's more, you get a good break. All his lil ole orchards and gravel tracks. Ju was the goods. Whar'll you get the next delivery? Huh!

W. R. DUNSTAN

## SECOND PRIZE

Fellow citizens and pards: We are here to conduct the obsequies of the late J. Caesar; yes, we are here to plant him, and you don't want to hear me boost him. Them things he done that wasn't on the level will be talked about quite a lot, I guess, and maybe what he done right will be forgotten; that can't be helped. Mr. Brutus allows that J. C. was ambitious; if that's so, it's just grievous, but you'll admit he's footed the bill. Pards, I'm not going to shoot off my mouth against Brutus and his fans; they're all white men, I guess; I'm here to let go some remarks on poor old Julius. He was a good friend to me and he introduced a whole lot of new business into this burg, as you all know; I reckon your wads are some thicker on that account. Maybe you think that was ambition; well, it don't sound to me. There's bums and stiffs in this city; well, when they hollered, J. C. 'd leak a tear, most times, and he'd leak currency, too; not much ambition in that. Mr. Brutus says he was ambitious, and, as I've said before, he is white. Some of you was among those present when Julius was offered the Presidency; what did he do? Turned it down, pards, three times; how's that for ambitiousness? I ain't trying to put it over that Mr. Brutus is a liar—not me, but, by James, I'll tell the world what I know. You fellows all thought some pumpkins of Caesar a while back, and I'll sy you were dead right; then why in the nation can't you make this funeral a success? Judgment! Well, I reckon there ain't much; I guess most of it's run along to the stockyards, and some of you guys are plumb loco. Just hold on a piece, friends; you see, my heart is in that nickel-fitted, plush-lined casket, along with old J. C.; I'll have to take a pull and brace up till it comes back. . . . Why, pards, the deceased only yesterday could have drew a check for a million—now he's laid right there, and not a galoot wants to tip his derby. Gents, I could start something right here if I wanted to, but I don't want to have old man Brutus and that guy Cassius on my back; they are hundred per cent. Americans, all right, all right, and I'm not shooting. I'd sooner wrong the deceased, and myself, and you gents, than them. But, all the same, there's a document in my hip pocket—but I guess I won't tell you. It's Caesar's will.

If any of you guys wants to shed, now's your time: this is where you raise the level of the Lake and make it salt. See that Prince Albert? I saw Caesar get into that when it was new from the store; it was the day he whipped the British, or the Dagoes, or some of them wops, there at Chatto Terry. Well, then, he's left you all seventy-five dollars apiece, and donated his real estate to the city, for a park and baseball ground.

ATHOS

## BACK NUMBERS—LI

WHEN, two years ago, there appeared in this paper a portrait gallery of distinguished Saturday Reviewers of the past and shrinking Saturday Reviewers of the present, the artist dealt with but one woman. Mrs. Lynn Linton deserved that compliment. In the 'sixties and later she was perhaps the most useful, certainly the most provocative, writer of middles the paper had, and her famous article on the girl of the period shares with one critical notice by John Morley and one vehement leader on foreign affairs the glory of having caused more prolonged discussion than anything else ever printed in the seventy years of this paper's life. But Mrs. Lynn Linton, though a journalist to the core, was a good deal else besides.

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In early life—she was turned forty when she joined our staff—she had shown ambition as a novelist. Unfortunately, very conscious of her considerable classical learning, and influenced perhaps by her admiration for the greater Landor, she had attempted that sort of revival of ancient life in which, of all English writers of her or an earlier day, only the lesser Landor, Robert, succeeded. Her work in this kind reveals not only knowledge but energy; yet it fails because the reader feels that the writer is never free, always encumbered by the necessity of dragging a mass of antiquarianism with her as she moves forward. Success in fiction was to come later, in 1872, when she published 'Joshua Davidson.' Whether this generation knows the book may be doubted, but it had more eminent admirers than almost any novel of that day.

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She had a good deal behind her when she began to write for the SATURDAY. She had married W. J. Linton, and, having parted from him, was alone from 1867, when Linton went to America. He, it has long seemed to me, is a most unfairly neglected man. Certainly, his achievement as a wood-engraver has been admitted by some excellent judges to be unsurpassed; but, so far as I am aware, there has never been adequate recognition of the sometimes quite exquisite brief lyrics he produced late in life. These minute poems are not "important." I should say that, roughly, Linton as a poet was on the same level as Joseph Skipsey, the Blake-influenced miner poet. Like Skipsey, and like Mr. Davies in our day, he had but few notes; but no one who understands poetry can fail to feel that his impulse was genuine, his art equal to the demand made on it. The world judges otherwise, but there goes more genius to the making of a perfect small lyric, expressive, it may be, of no very profound or enduring emotion, than to the production of elaborate, ambitious, rhetorical, and perhaps very effective pieces on what are taken to be great subjects. Linton was a small poet, but he was a poet, and the neglect of him by anthologists would be a scandal if it were not that nine anthologists out of ten have no minds of their own, no aptitude for discovering merit unless it comes to them with certificates from the most respectable authorities.

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To return to Mrs. Lynn Linton herself. She stood for years in a quasi-daughterly relationship to Walter Savage Landor, and has left us a wonderful description of that master's voice—"the rich, full, melodious voice which irresistibly suggests sunshine and flowers

and heavy bunches of purple grapes," but a voice, she carefully adds, in which there was usually less of this luxuriousness and more of stateliness. What her sparkling voice was like I do not know; but in the long series of pungent articles on social subjects which she wrote for the SATURDAY, we have something exceptional—a voice which can utter comminations without becoming that of a scold.

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Only those who have found themselves obliged, by force of circumstances, to write condemnatory articles week by week can perceive how remarkable is the triumph in avoiding querulousness. For the most part, she did not deal in mere invective. At times she achieved that peculiar success in which the bare facts of the matter under consideration, set down without comment, produced the effect of irony. It seems the easiest kind of success, given the material. But art goes to the selection of the points to be made, to the choice of the moment at which the damaging truth shall be laid before the reader. Mrs. Lynn Linton, in fact, was never more cunning a writer than in those articles in which she seemed a mere recorder of the follies of her time. Therein she was truly in the tradition of the paper; for, contrary to the old legend, the SATURDAY was not the "SATURDAY REVILER" of John Bright's protest, but a paper which declined to be astonished by the spectacle of popular imbecility or fashionable absurdity, which regarded such things as constant in quantity though variable in form down the ages, and which generally kept its temper in noticing them.

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Take the historic article on the girl of the period. It contains some strong phrases, but it is not simply an exercise in railing by an irate, elderly woman. There is an admirable, hard wisdom, as well as humour, in the contention that, questions of morality apart, the girl of the period is unwise in playing the sedulous ape to the *demi-mondaine*. Society, the argument pleasantly proceeds, requires variety. Men, of course, consort with Paphians: but they do not really desire to meet Paphians all the time. "*Toujours perdrix* is bad providing all the world over; but a continued weak imitation of *toujours perdrix* is worse." And so this moralist, her keen eyes twinkling behind her glasses, bids the girl of the 'sixties mend her ways in the interests of society, with the lofty purpose of giving men a slightly novel experience. For a feminist, that is pretty well.

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She was not in the high sense a writer of prose: there are no curious felicities, no choicely musical passages, in her work: but the distinctive tart flavour of her writing is a pleasure to those who have a palate. I suppose, and indeed I am daily informed by the literary columns in the popular papers, that the number of clever women writers in this country is legion; but, turning the leaves of old files, it seems to me that, when it comes to a discussion of social phenomena, Mrs. Lynn Linton, who invented that game, has all of them beaten. To be sure, she wrote in an age when a woman was invited to contribute her opinions only because she had a mind stored with observation and a pen expert in expression; we live in an age when wealth, looks, success on the stage, or eminence in crime are the qualifications. And she wrote her own articles.

STET.



## REVIEWS

## FOOD

BY EDWARD SHANKS

*A Book of Food.* By P. Morton Shand. Cape. 10s. 6d.

WHEN Mr. Shand opens his preface with the declaration that "this is frankly a book of prejudices" and the justification that "one may be tolerant about religion, politics, and a hundred and one other things, but not about the food one eats," the reader should know what he is in for. There is no intolerance like that of the gastronome, and Mr. Shand is a gastronome "of the bigoted and persecuting type." I imagine, however, that what he would persecute with the coldest and grimmest cruelty would be indifference to this important department of human life. One may, therefore, dare to oppose to him a set of prejudices as obstinate as his own.

I do not, I admit, find much fault with Mr. Shand over what he likes. When he is speaking of a dish that I know and that he likes, I am generally in agreement with him; when of a dish that he likes and I do not know, I am persuaded to agree with him in imagination. There are one or two exceptions, to which I shall come later. But his dislikes seem to me to be often heretical and sometimes blasphemous. Take, for example, his opinion on potatoes. He says, if I follow his argument, that flouriness is next to nastiness. Has the man never eaten a large potato roasted in wood-ashes and sufficiently burnt for some of the flavour of the wood to have penetrated through the skin? He mentions three ways of preparing potatoes so that they can be eaten "in solitary state." They sound good, but they involve extra frills and I should doubt if any one of them is comparable to this, which requires but simple butter, salt and pepper. It is not, let me insist, "the sort of thing one enjoys when one is hungry"—a common, but frightening phrase. It is a dish to excite the most fatigued palate.

Shell-fish make, of course, a battleground only comparable to the Eastern Mediterranean in, say, the fourth century. Here there is no orthodoxy traceable, only an infinite number of infuriated heresiarchs. But Mr. Shand's contempt of the scallop deserves any of the unpleasant fates which were liable to overtake heresiarchs in the fourth century. Moreover, I strongly resent his obviously deliberate silence on the ways in which oysters can be cooked. After long and earnest thought I have come to the conclusion that the oyster is better cooked, preferably in the form of an oyster soup. I am aware that this view is rarely put forward, but I believe that it is held by thousands who dare not own it in public. I note, however, with approval, Mr. Shand's judgment that "prawns are a source of very pure joy." On other fishes we are almost as much apart. His ill-speaking of the plaice pains me and I put it down to snobbery. He is no doubt right in praising the turbot, but to praise it to English readers is gratuitous cruelty. I cannot think why he says nothing about the mysterious but admirable whitebait. In this section I am indebted to him for the information that *Blaue Schleie* are none other than tench. I have eaten *Blaue Schleie* and I have heard of tench. Nevertheless, even now my degrading orgies in this beautiful fish will continue to take place exclusively in Germany. Mr. Shand omits two important details in its presentation: there should be not only butter, but also boiled potatoes and a cucumber salad with sour cream dressing.

The oddest among many odd things he says is that he does not like nuts. He excepts almonds, which ought, he says, to be salted—they should, of

course, be curried—and chestnuts. I will give him Brazil nuts, which are infuriatingly difficult to get at and taste like lard when you have got at them. But there is something lacking in a man who does not like either Kentish cobs or walnuts. They (like the hope of celery) smooth the passage through autumn into winter and appeal to the elegiac mood in every man capable of poetry by lasting in their full perfection for so brief a moment. The walnut at its best is to gastronomy what Malherbe's rose is to literature.

One more grumble and I have done with grumbling. Mr. Shand should have said more about condiments and the like. Peppers are very interesting, and I should like to have his views on the occasions when rock-salt ground from a table-mill is absolutely indispensable. I should add that he is very sound on salad-dressing and does not suffer here or elsewhere from the lamentable lemon-juice heresy. I have a friend who maintains that vinegar should never be used for any purposes, but always lemon-juice. And I have seen the poor fool stubbornly squeezing a lemon into his salad-dressing with the expression of a politician who knows that his policy is a failure but does not know how to get away from it.

But, when one takes this book as a whole, one may fairly say of it what bar-tenders sometimes say of their own especial (generally their most expensive) cocktails, that it would create an appetite in a brass monkey. It contains admirable things, from which I will give a selection taken at random:

Soup should be content to remain soup, not a sort of macaroni lucky-dip.

To buy a Christmas pudding is like buying an Indulgence, only to find that the Indulgence is neither authentic nor efficacious.

Englishmen fondly imagine that a good ripe loaf Stilton is the king of cheeses; perhaps because it can be made to evince such a prodigious thirst for port.

The fate of Vatel is one on which every cook who loves his or her art should ponder perpetually, asking his or herself day by day: "Would not Vatel have cut his throat rather than dish up the greasy fried whittings I served at breakfast?"

This is a book for everyone who loves the art, whether as a creator or merely as a connoisseur. And, by the way, why is it that this art has not suffered the tempest of innovation which in recent years has assailed all the others?

It is true that there are recorded fundamental variations in cookery. An antiquarian of my acquaintance once gave a dinner faithfully prepared in accordance with the manner prevalent under Richard II. The field was considerably thinned out at the first fence, which consisted of primrose soup. I believe that only the host finished, and even he never attempted the course again. But the cooks of the Middle Ages were seriously restricted as to materials. Who in modern times ever heard of a revolutionary school of cookery? Yet if the traditional prosody will not do for the twentieth century, why should the traditional culinary methods be any more adequate? It is true that from time to time new dishes are invented—though not as often as the great restaurants would have us believe—but they are, as it were, new poems in the old metres. When shall we have a pioneer who will discover the inspiring novelty of well-seasoned beech-timber as a basis for stock? Someone during the war discovered the use of cocoa-butter as a medium for frying and the results were uncommonly like those produced by *vers libre*.

## LITERARY COMPETITIONS

¶ The attention of competitors is drawn to the fact that entries continually reach the Editor improperly addressed and by a later post than that specified in the rules. These entries are, of course, automatically disqualified.

## THE NEW IMMATERIALISM

*An Outline of Philosophy.* By Bertrand Russell. Allen and Unwin. 12s. 6d.

*The Realm of Essence.* By George Santayana. Constable. 12s.

MR. BERTRAND RUSSELL and Mr. George Santayana are at first sight writers of a very different order of inspiration, unlikely to meet in any close encounter, friendly or otherwise. Mr. Santayana strikes one primarily as the artist type of thinker, and Mr. Russell fundamentally—the man behind the mathematician—is a political moralist. In the course of their philosophical inquiries, however, they have not been without influences one upon the other. Mr. Russell in his 'Outline,' in the chapter on 'Ethics,' tells us that he abandoned his view of the good as something known *a priori*, as a result of reading Mr. Santayana's book, 'Winds of Doctrine.' Mr. Russell has been an associate of Mr. A. N. Whitehead, in whose things in themselves—"each eternal object is just itself, in whatever mode of realization it is involved"—Mr. Santayana recognizes his "essences." The "British reform of philosophy," as Mr. Santayana reminds us, has been towards realism, but towards a realism that should be empirical and moralistic. Traditionally, from Bacon and Locke, British philosophy has maintained that the only objects of knowledge are inert ideas, a view which seemed to lead to the conclusion (as Berkeley showed) that the study of nature was merely the study of phenomena. Berkeley's immaterialism, Papini once exclaimed, "redeemed human thought for ever from the stupidities of science." But did it? Modern mathematical and physical philosophers deny that any such distressing consequences need, in the light of modern knowledge, follow from Berkeley's theory. For science has become "immaterialist," and in this fact is seen a way of escape from the *a priori* idealism, which was the continental development of Berkeley's criticism of abstractions. The new realists, like Mr. Russell, hope, while holding tenaciously to empiricism, a method proper to the exact sciences, to restore the exact sciences to the position of philosophy from which German and Italian idealism desire to displace them.

The idealist development has been avoided, as Mr. Santayana says, and empiricism upheld, by alleging that "things in reality are composed of ideas, of objects immediately given in experience, but existing independently of knowledge"—such as Mr. Russell's "events," Mr. Whitehead's "colours." Mr. Russell tells us in this book that he prefers the word reflexes to ideas.

For Mr. Russell the mind is a place where events happen. The empirical method was formerly associated with what was called materialism, the doctrine which, while distinguishing two substances, mind and matter, tended to make the former a sport of the latter. However, we can now take comfort—that is, if we have any prejudices—for in the new philosophy "based on modern science," if mind is gone, so also is matter, or, as Mr. Santayana puts it, the conflict between spirit and matter is a family quarrel. If the heart asks for satisfaction, let it remember that the world of the neo-realists is less alien to ourselves—not that we can any longer properly speak of "ourselves"—than the world of matter as conceived in former times. The physical world is given a kind of life, perhaps even a limited free-will; "ourselves" are reduced to "strings of events," with a limited free-will also, no doubt. Philosophy, if we read Mr. Russell aright, confines itself to the mere scrutiny and registration of scientific knowledge; accordingly the importance of a theory of knowledge is minimized. We are even told that science has to deal with such a problem as that of personal immortality—immortality, let it be marked, not survival!

The barrenness of all this land is most clearly revealed in Mr. Russell's ethics. As he says, it is not the business of philosophy to lay down actual rules of conduct for given circumstances; but between that business and the business of providing "a basis from which such rules can be deduced," is there any essential difference? The question proposed is as "empirical" in the one case as in the other, and an attempted philosophical answer will issue in vague generalities, without sap or marrow, such as Mr. Russell's conclusions: "Act so as to produce harmonious rather than discordant desires," and "The good life is one inspired by love and guided by knowledge." One need not go to a philosopher for that; one may find as much in any lecture on Christian science.

Mr. Santayana's thought is also practical and moralistic, though less obviously so than Mr. Russell's, for there is a deep vein of poetry in his beautifully written book. What inspires him is the philosopher's life, and it is an ideal of this, one feels, that has dictated his approach to the problems of philosophy. His doctrine of "essences" is an attempt to revivify the tradition in metaphysics which is the most "spiritual," in the sense of being farthest off from human bias and presumption. Someone has said that philosophy has no other object than to make us understand the possibility of good sense—the good sense which deals confidently with our affections and surroundings; Mr. Santayana's definition might be the opposite of this. His "essences" are to be taken as an (imaginative) means of deliverance from existence—the Universe, he quotes, "is a stain upon the purity of the Non-Being"—"existences" being relegated to the realm of physics or natural philosophy, truth to that of ontology. The way in which his results—gained rather from meditation on life, than from the construction of a system—correspond with the objective immaterialism of the modern realists, is the object of an interesting postscript.

## HAYDON'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

*The Autobiography and Memoirs of Benjamin Robert Haydon.* Edited by Alexander P. D. Penrose. Bell. 12s. 6d.

A PUBLISHER'S note enclosed with this volume explains that publication was originally intended a year ago, but that shortly before the day fixed upon a reprint was issued of Taylor's edition of the 'Autobiography and Journals.' It was therefore decided to delay the publication of this edition till the present time. As, in addition to the reprint of Taylor, there are at least two other versions on the market, the general reader now has his choice of four recent editions. Taylor is the basis of Mr. Penrose's book, but to it have been added a number of letters taken from F. W. Haydon's volumes entitled 'Correspondence and Table-Talk.' Most of these are from Haydon to Miss Mitford, to whom he wrote more frankly than to perhaps any other correspondent. The contents of the present volume are therefore not identical with those of other versions, and as it is also compact and cheap it should prove to have its usefulness.

After seventy years of comparative neglect of Haydon's masterpiece the present vogue would be rather surprising but for the known conditions of the business of publishing. But it is less surprising than the fact that the painter whose work impressed men of genius in his own day should be remembered for his autobiographical, not his pictorial, art. Wordsworth said of him: "He is the first painter in his grand style of art that England or any other country has produced since the days of Titian. He may be disregarded and scorned now by the ignorant and malevolent, but posterity will do him justice. There are things in his



art that have never been surpassed; they will be the next-book of art hereafter." Hazlitt spoke of Haydon as "the best painter in England." Better judgment was shown by Miss Mitford, who, writing to Elizabeth Barrett, said of him: "Those high animal spirits are a gift from heaven, and frequently pass for genius; or rather make talent pass for genius—silver-gilded." After his death she said: "His early pictures were full of promise; but a vanity, that amounted to self-idolatry, and a terrible carelessness, unjustifiable in many matters, degraded his mind and even impaired his talent in art." That his life showed many of the frequent but irrelevant concomitants of genius only heightens the effect of his tragic end. Mr. Penrose suggests that the truth is that he was half-artist, half-romantic man of action. However this may be, there is no difference of opinion on the merits of his autobiography. It contains innumerable passages delightful in themselves, and as a whole it is a memorable self-revelation.

The description of what happened after the "immortal dinner" at which Lamb, Wordsworth and Keats were present is perhaps the most delightful in the book, and though well known and often quoted it will bear repetition. The company was joined after dinner by poor Mr. Ritchie, who was about to go to Timbuctoo. Haydon introduced him as "a gentleman going to Africa." The story continues: "Lamb seemed to take no notice; but all of a sudden he roared out, 'Which is the gentleman we are going to lose?'" Lamb is also the hero of the other episode at the same party. A comptroller of stamps, who said he often had correspondence with Wordsworth, begged an introduction and was told he might come after dinner. He was introduced to Wordsworth, but Haydon forgot to say who he was:

After a little time the comptroller looked down, looked up, and said to Wordsworth, "Don't you think, Sir, Milton was a great genius?" Keats looked at me, Wordsworth looked at the comptroller. Lamb, who was dozing by the fire, turned round and said, "Pray, Sir, did you say Milton was a great genius?" "No, Sir, I asked Mr. Wordsworth if he were not." "Oh," said Lamb, "then you are a silly fellow." "Charles, my dear Charles," said Wordsworth; but Lamb, perfectly innocent of the confusion he had created, was off again by the fire.

However, the incident did not end thus:

After an awful pause the comptroller said, "Don't you think Newton a great genius?" I could not stand it any longer. Keats put his head into my books. Ritchie squeezed in a laugh. . . . Lamb got up, and, taking a candle, said, "Sir, will you allow me to look at your phrenological development?" He then turned his back on the poor man, and at every question of the comptroller he chaunted:

"Diddle, diddle dumpling, my son John  
Went to bed with his breeches on."

When the unhappy comptroller had explained who he was Lamb began singing yet again, rose from his chair, and exclaimed: "Do let me have another look at that gentleman's organs." In the end the comptroller, a good-natured man, was reconciled, stayed to supper and all parted in good humour.

Haydon's autobiography is not, of course, chiefly remarkable for passages like this, highly characteristic though it is, but for its intimate record of strivings doomed to fail. From the time of his early self-analysis as a young man to the final catastrophe there is evidence of gradual, increasing, seemingly inevitable failure. On the last day of the year 1835 he writes in his journal with tenacious optimism: "I close this year, 1835, apprehending an execution; but I despair not. A star is always shining in my brain, which has ever led me on, and ever will." Imprisonment for debt, lecturing in the north, the almost yearly birth or death of a child are, apart from his painting, the chief feature of the last phase. His refusal to adapt himself to circumstances was leading to the pitiful end, but there are sombre gleams almost to the last. At Sheffield he notes in his diary: "The air is sharp and cutting. . . . No wonder they are

celebrated for knives." The final gloom is lightened only by the persistent kindness of a few, conspicuous among them Sir Robert Peel. When the end came it was found that his debts were considerable and his assets the reverse. His greatest work, the autobiography and journals, was left out of the account.

## SIR WILLIAM PETTY'S PAPERS

*The Petty Papers. Some Unpublished Writings of Sir William Petty.* Edited from the Bowood Papers by the Marquis of Lansdowne. Constable. Two volumes. 52s. 6d.

LORD LANSDOWNE places students under a further obligation by publishing these interesting and valuable papers of his versatile ancestor. They are the fruit of his continued exploration of the apparently inexhaustible treasures in the archives at Bowood, and comprise a hundred and sixty pieces which have never before been printed. Sir William Petty, the founder of statistical science, was the most celebrated economist of the seventeenth century, and applied his acute and original mind to an immense variety of subjects which in these volumes receive an almost bewildering wealth of illustration, from paddle-wheels to philosophy. In the course of a lifetime he accumulated fifty-three chests full of "tractatiunculi in MS.," as Aubrey terms them, and the papers in these volumes represent only a selection from the large proportion which seems to have survived.

Petty once complained to Southwell, his familiar correspondent, that he was "represented by some to be a conjuror and by others to be notionall and fancy-full near up to madness." We have now a good opportunity of estimating some of these "notions," many of them startling in their modernity. Their vast bulk, however, and the fact that their author took no trouble to secure their publication suggest a prior problem: why all this writing and "ratiocination"? He wrote or "ratiocinated" as a recreation:

My virtue and vanity lies in prating of numbers, weight and measure, not sticking to talk even of the proportions of kingdoms and states. . . . I had rather live upon Herb pottage all the days of my life than not study truth and those symetries whereby the world stands. . . . Oh that I had the discretion not to value truth nor scorn lying.

To one who questioned the utility of so much writing Petty replied: "You ask me why I persist in these fruitless labours. I say they are labours of pleasure, of which ratiocination is the greatest and most angelical."

Some of the more interesting fruits of Petty's angelical pleasures may be enumerated. He wrote in favour of a more equal representative system based upon adult male suffrage. A similar basis is proposed for a General Council to contain representatives of the Colonies to advise the King on matters of trade. In another paper he anticipates events by a couple of centuries in suggesting the formation of an administrative County of London. He also foreshadowed the present Ministry of Health by his emphasis on the duty of the State to advance the art of medicine and by his warning not to "leave physicians and patients to their own shifts." His interest in such subjects as maternal and infant mortality, which received hardly any attention till the present century, is shown by his advocacy of lying-in hospitals for women. Even the proposal known as "three acres and a cow" appears to have originated with Petty—or rather the first part of it—for Pitt seems to have added the cow. There are instances also of Petty's fertility of mind in the field of mechanical invention—the double-bottom boat, and the "war chariot" which the editor of these papers regards as curiously suggestive of the tank.

While many of these "tractatiunculi" serve merely to confirm Petty's unique position in the history of economic doctrine and its application, there is one important novelty in the shape of new evidence on the much disputed question of the authorship of the "Natural and Political Observations on the London Bills of Mortality," the first known example of the use of the "statistical method." These observations were published over the name of Captain John Graunt, but for a long time it was customary to accept them as Petty's work. Further evidence swung the pendulum the other way, though some continued to think that Petty had a hand in their production. Lord Lansdowne is now able to produce still further evidence, the effect of which is to place the authorship of Petty beyond reasonable doubt. To the statements of Evelyn, Aubrey, Halley and Burnet can now be added similar testimony from Robert Southwell and John Houghton, the latter's evidence being the discovery of Mr. R. H. Tawney.

A sense of the truly remarkable character of Sir William Petty's work is thus enhanced by the latest additions to our knowledge. More than a century ago M'Culloch sighed for a complete and uniform edition of his writings, and if we are still far from this we are now considerably advanced on the road to completeness. Completeness is certainly desirable. The man who combined the Professorship of Anatomy at Oxford with a Professorship of Music at Gresham College, who made a fortune out of land-surveying in Ireland and who was one of the group out of which the Royal Society developed, who is remembered as a founder of the two vital sciences of economics and statistics and the true originator of the labour theory of value (meaning the labour of the capitalist) is assuredly not one about whom curiosity is easily satisfied.

### VICTORIAN SKETCHES

*Cloud-Capp'd Towers.* By Reginald, Viscount Esher. Murray. 15s.

IT is at first sight difficult to understand why so genial a writer as Lord Esher should adopt for the epigraph of his new book the single word in which the Colchian described herself as "near to weeping." But the thoughtful reader will recognize between the lines of these brilliant biographical studies that "sense of tears in mortal things" which raises them to a higher level than could be attained by wit and memory alone. *Sunt lacrimæ rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt.*

Lord Esher's long and wide experience of English society has given him a true appreciation of the function of biography which, as he says himself, "would subordinate the recital of events to environment, would place, even before achievements, a man's hopes formed in youth, their realization or shattering in after years, and would record the everyday life of a man and a woman, amid those common things which, after all, are the only setting in which character is formed or blasted." Nothing better of their kind and within their limits could be desired than the biographical cameos which he has cut and shaped from his recollections of certain famous houses of the Victorian age—so much abused and so little understood by some of our brilliant children of the twentieth century. We may single out for special praise the papers on Hughenden, Devonshire House and Marlborough House.

Specially admirable in its combination of tact with truth is the adumbration of the influence on Lord Hartington's career of the Egeria who ultimately became his wife. Admirable, too, is the description from personal knowledge of King Edward in the first weeks of his reign, "accessible, friendly, almost familiar, frank, suggestive, receptive, discarding ceremony, with no loss of dignity, decisive but neither obstinate

nor imperious. . . The impression that he gave me was that of a man who, after long years of pent-up action, had suddenly been freed from restraint and revelled in his liberty." Even more interesting, perhaps, as reviving an almost forgotten phase of English society, is the sketch of Lowther Castle in the days of that Lord Lonsdale who sat to Disraeli for the portrait of Lord Eskdale in 'Coningsby'—a portrait of which the original showed his appreciation in later years by remarking to his Tory friends, when they were trying to evade Disraeli's leadership, "that the men who had tried to shout him down at the outset of his career were hoarse by this time, and that flowered waistcoats, if unsuitable to a fledgling member of the House of Commons, were permissible in a leader." It is to Lord Esher, of course, that we owe that priceless revelation of Disraeli's method of successful flattery in *excelsis*—"I never contradict, I never deny; but I sometimes forget." Perhaps the most interesting of all Lord Esher's reminiscences—at least to a student of literature—is the following: "Three men were once discussing the pre-eminence of historians; two of them were Mommsen and Lord Acton, who both agreed that the palm would be rightly awarded to Macaulay." The only parallel to this in curiousness is the official assurance that, when King Edward came to the throne, there was not a single bathroom within the walls of Windsor Castle.

### UNKNOWN ITALY

*Italy from End to End.* By H. Warner Allen. Methuen. 10s. 6d.

*The Stones of Italy.* By Professor C. T. G. Formilli. Black. 20s.

*The Italian Riviera (Kitbag Travel Books).* By Bohun Lynch. Harrap. 7s. 6d.

*Unknown Italy.* By E. A. Reynolds-Ball. Black. 10s. 6d.

THAT rather pathetic craving for something new, which is one of the nervous symptoms of this alleged age of discovery, is no doubt responsible for the fact that travel-writers are always in such a hurry to assure us that they have broken new ground. They may not have gone very far; it may be possible to reach the scene of their wanderings in forty-eight hours from Kensington High Street; but they will anxiously declare that, in spite of all that, the place is quite "unknown." They are probably right. The headlong speed of modern travel, which enables us to pass through everything and see nothing, has created a type of traveller to whom the whole world is "unknown." One could write a book about Rome or Venice without including in it a single fact he was aware of, though he had been there twenty times. Apart from such considerations, however, it is difficult to see how any part of Italy can fairly be described as "unknown." It is still more doubtful whether the average reader of travel-books does not prefer to be told about places that he knows. Just as the most highly-paid journalists are those who are content to express, in very ordinary phraseology, the opinion of the average man, so that their readers may have the joy of exclaiming "Exactly what I've always said," in the same way, it may be suggested, the most popular travel-books should be those which describe the places which the largest number of readers have already seen. Or, to put it a little higher, we would rather have some new light thrown upon a familiar object, than be given a picture of anything entirely strange.

That is Mr. Warner Allen's strong point. It is a long time since we have read so good a book of the "psychological guide-book" type (to quote his publishers) as 'Italy from End to End.' It is characteristic of the author's broad common sense that he



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not only refrains from the usual sneers at ordinary guide-books, but assumes that his readers will be properly equipped with them. His Italy is that of the tourists—Rome, Florence, Naples, Ravenna, Venice—but he has something new and personal to say about each of them. He is not aggressively subjective, like the travelling novelist, but merely by telling us what catches his attention in each town, he sufficiently indicates his mood. There are many Italys—Roman, Renaissance, modern—and life is too short, or holidays are too short, to give room for more than one of them at a time. Mr. Allen chooses the Renaissance. He understands it better than most historians do—its cruelty, its child-like vanity, its rare instinct for beauty. His chapter on 'Rome and the Borgias,' concluding with a rapid pen-picture of the bloated corpse of Alexander, the Borgia Pope, lying in state before the immaculate, white *Pieta* of Michelangelo, is something to remember. On the practical side of travelling, too, he usefully supplements the guide-books. Not even Mr. Bohun Lynch has a greater contempt for the typical continental hotel, where rich trippers are served with "that blasphemous cosmopolitan cookery, which aims at providing haggis in Timbuctoo, roast beef and plum pudding in the tropics, and *Sauerkraut* anywhere except in Germany." "The universal *crème renversée*, *anglice* cream caramel, is the outward and visible sign of their spiritual perverseness." Like Mr. Lynch, Mr. Allen gives us many valuable hints as to where to stay if we wish to avoid the caramel cream; and in Tuscany he goes one better and tells us exactly how to set about travelling in what is, after all, the very best way of doing it—better even than walking, because less fatiguing, less preoccupying—which is simply by the old-fashioned pony cart.

Professor Formilli follows, along much the same lines. He is less critical than Mr. Warner Allen, praises nearly everything in art and architecture, stays at the "best" hotels without a word of complaint, and never even grumbles at the caramel cream. Also he is more interested in Roman than in Renaissance Italy (though he has plenty to say about both), and even displays a patriotic dislike for Hasdrubal and Hannibal! It is unnecessary to add that Professor Formilli knows his subject thoroughly, and that his coloured illustrations make a gay and attractive addition to the book. Crossing the Roman Campagna one day in search of subjects for this book, he and his party of Italian friends had a curious experience:

We suddenly found ourselves in front of a large group of imposing old buildings, like a great town, surrounded by high walls like those of Jerusalem. What surprised us still more was the animation of the people who thronged the streets. We were upon the point of looking at our map to discover what place it might be when, to our amazement, we were told by a bystander that it was the newly-erected setting for the production of the now well-known American film, "Ben Hur."

However, the "producer" in charge, an individual "in shirt sleeves, knickerbockers, a big cigar and large spectacles," received the Italian strangers with great affability and even provided a guide to show them round!

Mr. Bohun Lynch has written a very genial and human kind of guide-book to the Italian Riviera. He walked everywhere (when he did not "bus") and of course he kept to the small country inns and the by-ways; but he adds a very useful appendix in which are included all the squalid details about the caramel cream, and how much one has to pay for it in the different towns, which would have struck a jarring note if they had appeared in the body of the book. Mr. Lynch is a happy traveller, and he certainly has the trick of making you feel that, some day or other, you must do that same walking tour yourself. But you will not find "The Best Inn in the World." With a rare self-restraint he has concealed its identity. This indeed is Unknown Italy, and must remain so.

Only when you find, at some wayside inn on a road not far from Diano Marina, the best *ravioli*, *gnocchi* and *minestra*, the most generous wine, the most enchanting view, and the most ridiculously tiny bill you had ever dreamt of, then you may guess that you have at last reached Mr. Lynch's ideal *albergo*. But you will not tell.

Mr. Reynolds-Ball's 'Unknown Italy' turns out to be Piedmont—which, of course, includes much of Mr. Lynch's route and the fashionable towns of the Riviera. But Mr. Reynolds-Ball, who has lived in the country for many years and is intimately acquainted with the local dialect and the manners and customs of the peasantry, does make us see that this part of Italy has a better claim than most to be called "unknown." Go in the summer, he says—so does Mr. Lynch—if you want to see and understand. He suggests a number of tours and works them out for us as carefully as any Bædeker—much more carefully, in fact, as far as Piedmont is concerned. This is a useful book, full of unexpected information.

### "AIRCRAFTMAN SHAW"

*Lawrence and the Arabs.* By Robert Graves. Cape. 7s. 6d.

UNLESS Colonel T. E. Lawrence, or Aircraftman T. E. Shaw (he is now serving in the Air Force and has taken the name of Shaw by Deed Poll) has entirely changed his character with his name, it is to be feared that he will not like this book. He has given it a rather half-hearted benediction, explaining that, since a book must be written about him anyhow, he would prefer it done by his friend, Mr. Robert Graves.

But it is plain that his chief object in disappearing from public life and enlisting under another name was to escape from the limelight. It is a serious matter to become a great man nowadays. In earlier times it was still possible to be recognized as great and yet to call your soul your own; but failure to swim the Channel involves more publicity in the twentieth century than the winning of a battle did in any other. And when, like Lawrence, you have founded kingdoms, the degree of adulation must be something that the ordinary man can only dimly visualize. To be hailed every day in the Press as "Lawrence of Arabia" must have been a severe strain on the nerves of anyone afflicted with a keen sense of humour, like the author of 'The Seven Pillars of Wisdom' and 'Revolt in the Desert.' If it had not driven him into anonymity it might have driven him to suicide. Yet here he is dangled before us once again, his character dissected at length, his personal appearance carefully described. It is the penalty of greatness, of a reputation well won. But it would be interesting to know whether Aircraftman Shaw has yet been persuaded to read the book, and, if so, what he thought of it.

Mr. Graves begins with a brief account of Lawrence's early life and a much longer analysis of his character. He concludes with some amusing notes by friends who have met Lawrence in the R.A.F. and elsewhere since his disappearance from public life, and a very interesting letter from Lawrence himself in which he gives his views on a variety of topics including the conquest of the Hedjaz by Ibn Saud. The main body of the book is just a summary of 'The Seven Pillars of Wisdom,' and adds little or nothing to our knowledge of the desert campaigns. Among new facts, we are told that the pruning down of 'The Seven Pillars' into 'Revolt in the Desert' was accomplished in exactly two nights—which we can well believe, for it was roughly done. We are told that the gallant old Arab, Auda, is dead, which will come as a personal loss to thousands of readers who have never been nearer the desert than Piccadilly Circus.

And we get a number of new Lawrence anecdotes, including a quite incredible story of how the late Lord Curzon burst into tears because Lawrence snubbed him, and was only able to pull himself together when his colleague, Lord Cecil, exclaimed sternly: "Now, old man, none of that!" That anecdote, needless to say, did not come from Lawrence himself. On the whole, however, we do not learn much. The place to look for Lawrence is in his own writings.

### AMERICAN IMPRESSIONS

*Conquistador.* By Philip Guedalla. Benn. 10s. 6d.

MR. GUEDALLA is at once the Disraeli and the Mr. Chesterton of this younger generation. Like Disraeli he has occupied his somewhat prolonged political apprenticeship with literature, and like Mr. Chesterton he is at times prepared to risk his immortal soul for the sake of a good epigram. Of late we imagined that he had settled down to serious history: he had shown in the 'Palmerston' that an historical writer with imagination and a piquant style can enter into circulating "lists" for combat with the popular novelists. But a magnificent restlessness descends at times upon Mr. Guedalla: he abandons history and flees from his library in search of adventure and bacchanalian delight in words. Now he has been lecturing in America; alas, for the first time in his literary career he has descended into the obvious, and on his return he has written a book about the trip.

It is not an ordinary book. First, it is modest, "And now may I begin my traveller's tales? I have heard better ones. But they were someone else's—and that would be cheating." This naïve confession is disarming: like the wedding guest we cannot choose but hear. Mr. Guedalla breaks, too, with the tradition of satiric impressions of the States. He refuses to be an itinerant Mencken in the land which he is visiting. When others have scoffed he remains to adore: even Mayor Thompson of Chicago fills him with a shy admiration. "Mr. Thompson has a unique value as a flamboyant emblem of Americanism." He finds a certain virginal enchantment in the Middle-West. "For me, the Middle-West struck a note of determined gaiety—of such jollity, perhaps, as rasps the more delicate sensibilities of Mr. Sinclair Lewis." Mr. Guedalla prefers Iowa to Montmartre. Perhaps the thing may develop into a movement, and one day when Montparnasse has become so much Americanized that one will want a United States visa to enter it, our world-wearied intelligentsia may go tourist-third across the Atlantic as far as the corn-lands to find a congenial atmosphere.

At times Mr. Guedalla criticizes; but it is an undertone, the warning note of a friend. As a coy young romantic, he is a little abashed by some of the crudities of his land of adventure, and he gives an acute analysis of America's insidious imperialism. Since Mr. Guedalla writes so well at his best, we regret in this volume that he is often content with his next best. One feels that he decided to woo America like a knight seeking a strange lady in a tower; at length, finding her perched as high as the Woolworth building, and not a little indifferent to his soft appeal, he grew tired and at times a little strident. But throughout he is enough of historian to see the American scene in its setting, and some of the most suggestive passages in this fresh volume are short historical cameos thrust in amid topical material. One of the best of them occurs in the prefatory note entitled 'Passport,' as keen a piece of essay-work as Mr. Guedalla has achieved:

For newness is not a quality confined to the New World. It was new once, of course, when the first caravels voyaged uncertainly towards it and landing-parties asked startled

Mohawks to direct them to the Great Cham of Tartary. It was still new, when rifles cracked in the great woods and lonely birds wheeled watchfully round the infrequent smoke of cabins. But in those years the Old World was growing new as well. A Frontier called (and pioneers responded), when half England moved northwards in pursuit of coal and made its clearings in the woods, its settlements among the Yorkshire moors and on the bare hillsides of Lancashire. For we all have our Covered Waggon.

That is no traveller's tale. Mr. Guedalla is back within his library again, the incubus of restlessness exorcized. We may expect another 'Palmerston' perhaps before long.

### LADY HESTER STANHOPE

*Lady Hester Stanhope.* By Martin Armstrong. Gerald Howe. 3s. 6d.

READERS of Kinglake's 'Eothen' will recall the picture there drawn of Lady Hester Stanhope. She is described as "a good, business-like, practical Prophetess, long used to the exercise of her sacred calling." Lady Hester had long since passed her prime when Kinglake met her, but she still retained, it seems, something of that mysterious power of domination which distinguishes her from all other famous women of her period.

Her character presents many points of difficulty. Throughout her life she was in the habit of bending men to her will, yet she never married, nor would it appear that the passion of love played any very important part in her scheme of existence. She was a wanderer from her birth—when only a child she made an unsuccessful attempt to run away to sea—and her insatiable craving for new experiences never left her.

The circumstances of her early training were calculated to develop this side of her nature. The daughter of a republican peer, she was set as a child—so it has been said—to tend turkeys on a common. She revolted at an early age against the tyranny of the class-room. "Nature, Doctor," she said to Dr. Meryon many years afterwards, "makes us one way, and man is always trying to fashion us in another." Man had but little part in the fashioning of Lady Hester Stanhope.

For the last three years of his life she kept house for her uncle, William Pitt, over whom she established a curious ascendancy. Pitt's death, indeed, proved the turning-point in her career. Lady Hester had had enough of England. Kinglake has noted that "there is a longing for the East, very commonly felt by proud people when goaded by sorrow," and he attributes Lady Hester's subsequent wanderings in Eastern countries to this unconquerable impulse. Be this as it may, once having shaken the dust of her native country from her feet, she never returned to it.

Her fiery impetuosity enabled her to surmount a thousand obstacles, and, though she persisted in outraging all the conventions by wearing men's clothes, she was never accused of immodesty. She was intolerant of opposition, and generally succeeded in getting her own way. During her residence at Mount Lebanon she wielded a tremendous influence over the neighbouring tribes. Even penury and neglect were unable to daunt her. When her pension was stopped she wrote a furious letter to Queen Victoria. "Your Majesty," she observed, "will allow me to say that few things are more disgraceful and inimical to royalty than giving commands without examining all their different bearings, and casting, without reason, an aspersion upon the integrity of any branch of a family who had faithfully served their country and the house of Hanover." That was the spirit animating her throughout the whole of her troubled and tempestuous career.

Mr. Martin Armstrong has given a vivid presentation of a woman large-hearted, determined and courageous, but one who compels our admiration rather than wins our affection.



## NEW FICTION

BY L. P. HARTLEY

*Jeremy at Crale.* By Hugh Walpole. Cassell. 7s. 6d.*Tar.* By Sherwood Anderson. Secker. 10s. 6d.  
*John Fanning's Legacy.* By Naomi Royde-Smith. Constable. 7s. 6d.*Uncle Tom Pudd.* By Laurence Housman. Cape. 7s. 6d.

THERE are few authors who can write good school stories, and fewer still who can make them true to life. Some appeal, and appeal successfully, to sentiment. Others set out to terrify the parent and shock the general public. In this endeavour several novelists have succeeded admirably. Some have written soothingly, in a mood of affectionate reminiscence, for grown-up persons; others have written exciting and elevating stories intended for school-boys themselves. But whether satirical, realistic, sentimental or wistful, these novelists have usually had some axe to grind.

Indeed, it is as difficult to write about school in an impartial spirit as it is to live there. One of the best descriptions of school life is to be found, condensed into a few pages, in 'The Unbearable Bassington'; it is so alive with cruelty, both crude and refined, that one can scarcely say which "Saki" enjoyed most—the unkindness of the dingy adolescents towards each other, or his own unkindness to them. Certainly there are aspects of school-life so abominable that one wonders how such a sensitive person as oneself, or how others scarcely less sensitive, could have endured them for a moment and not gone raving mad. This is a question that has presented itself to Mr. Walpole, whose 'Jeremy at Crale' is one of the best school-stories I have read. Jeremy's school-days are set thirty years back, when conditions were severer than they are now. These conditions Mr. Walpole portrays with the utmost gusto; the defect or at any rate the disappointment (to me) of his book is that he does not moralize enough, is not sufficiently censorious towards these youthful savages so red in tooth and claw. He subscribes (with many reservations) to the traditional view that the hardships, mental, physical and emotional, of school life are valuable as a training for character. We feel the force of the argument about the cold bath: either you are so strong that you don't need it, or else you are so weak it does you harm.

It is true that most boys survive their school-days, if not roasted to death before slow fires. But their natures (especially if sensitive at first) are forced into a premature stoicism which becomes, in later years, at once their armour and their prison. They are acquainted with sad misery as the tanned galley-slave is with the oar; they are so accustomed to disguising and repressing emotion that its springs have no longer any resiliency. And so a certain sweetness, spontaneity and sympathy of character is banished for ever from life. We do not quarrel with Mr. Walpole, however, for regarding this matter in a rosier light.

One of the most refreshing features of his work is that, though very conscious of evil, it always reaches forward and is not readily daunted by scepticism or pessimism. This proceeds not from an irksome optimism but from a kind of confidence in life itself. He crams into one term of Jeremy's school-days many of the time-honoured ingredients of school-stories: bullies, football matches with rival schools, a fight between the hero and the villain, a little diffident championship of the weaker by the stronger, authorized house-suppers, unauthorized dormitory-suppers, even a boy who runs away from school on account of ill-treatment, later to return a kind of hero. He takes full advantage of the life of action which for most people begins at school and finishes there. But he also enters with great subtlety into remoter emotions


and desires, the hidden sources in which enmity and affection have their rise: and we see at once why Jeremy liked Ridley and why he disliked Staire.

The violent actions of school-life are usually imposed upon a very unconvincing, or a very uninteresting, or a very superficial psychological scheme; but underneath Mr. Walpole's fights and football matches and favourite-making form masters there breathes and moves a most delicate complex of human nature, inarticulate and unformulated, but profoundly understood and only faintly symbolized by the more sensational occurrences of school-life. In nothing is this better illustrated than in the dialogue. The language of school-boys is of course quite impossible to transcribe; to many it must appear a quite inexplicable and highly distasteful mixture of sophistication and indecency. Mr. Walpole, without being in the least indecent, manages to suggest a kind of conversation to which the accepted idiom of school-boys would not be wholly alien; and he also preserves the sophistication with the youthful inexperience (which boys are so anxious to disguise) vividly apparent beneath it. There are sentences put into the mouths of masters and matrons which seem scarcely natural, but the boys talk just like boys, their speech being not so much expurgated as crystallized. It would be impossible to give a fairer account of school-life than this of Mr. Walpole's. Its pains, difficulties and dangers are not overlooked; its triumphs and ecstasies are not exaggerated. It is a sound and vigorous piece of work, to be read with pleasure alike by young and old.

Mr. Sherwood Anderson describes a different kind of childhood, a childhood in the Middle West, hand-to-mouth existence, barely above the starvation-line. In its outlines 'Tar' is autobiographical, but, says Mr. Anderson, "I have a confession to make. I am a story-teller starting to tell a story and cannot be expected to tell the truth. Truth is impossible to me. It is like goodness, something aimed at but never hit."

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Mr. Anderson is at pains to make the consciousness of Tar, the central figure, as blank a sheet as possible. He wants to show us how Tar gradually comes to a realization of what the world around him means. The essence of his method is to take nothing for granted; to reduce the simplest idea or arrangement of words to something still simpler; to begin with the beginnings of speech.

For the child [he says] the man of the home, the father, is one thing and the mother quite another. The mother is something warm and safe toward which the child may go, while the father is the one who goes out into the world. Now the house in which Tar lived was something he began to understand a little. Even though you live in many houses in many towns a house is a house. There are walls and rooms. You go through doors into a yard. There is a street with other houses and other children. You can see a long way along the street.

We must give Mr. Anderson his due for not wanting to appear clever and for making sure that he is not being betrayed into taking other people's ideas on trust. But really, what use is it at this time of day to say that "the father is one thing and the mother quite another"? If Tar did not know as much as that by the time he was five he must have been a congenital idiot. And what is the meaning of the cryptic sentence: "Even though you live in many houses in many towns a house is a house"? The simplicity of a child's mind (supposing it to be simple) is not at all like the tedious simplifications Mr. Anderson credits it with. But to return to Tar. He lives a joyless existence among the rubbish heaps of the Middle West and is constantly noticing things about life, such as: "Sunday was a funny kind of day, some people going to church, others staying at home." He sells newspapers and develops the rudiments of a conscience. His mother dies. Things keep happening to him, but his character has so little continuity and flavour of its own that all sense of coherence, motion or direction in his life is lost. We can scarcely tell whether we like him or not. Mr. Anderson always sterilizes his characters, he drains them of nature.

Much of the interest of 'John Fanning's Legacy' lies in the method of its narration, than which I have read nothing more ingenious for a long time. The middle section, which is composed of letters between two correspondents, is particularly good, the development in the drama being perceptible to the reader but only in flashes to the correspondents. Mr. Pattinson's story, which sets the train in motion, is a little obscure, and Sister Gwenda's confession comes as a slight anti-climax. Obscurity is the book's fault; it has a sensational and exciting story which one cannot enjoy as one should because Miss Royde-Smith has made it a kind of obstacle-race. It would be pleasant to linger over the charming details and personal characteristics which the letters so liberally provide; but all the time one must admonish oneself "Now, now! You're losing sight of the main thread!" Miss Royde-Smith has not quite brought off her *tour-de-force*.

Mr. Housman, I think, does. His Uncle Tom Pudd is a whimsical character of sixty, whose main characteristics are untruthfulness, helplessness and an almost homicidal hatred for his wife, Judith. So he takes refuge with his niece. She thought that he had charm, as does also Mr. Housman; we may disagree about this, but we cannot deny that 'Uncle Tom Pudd' has a remarkable unity of conception and execution. It is romantic without being extravagant, a considerable achievement in these days.

#### OTHER NOVELS

*Chained.* By Frank Hird. Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.

Have the dead any right, through their wills, to order or restrain the movements of the living? It is with this question that Mr. Hird concerns himself in his new novel. Jane Derington finds herself at the

age of twenty-three sole inheritor of her father's fortune under the terms of a preposterous will. Passing over his wife and son, John Derington has left the future of the Derington family in the hands of his daughter, even to the point of giving her the management of his business affairs, making his wife and son dependent on her, and of arranging that she shall pay a yearly income to one of his former mistresses. Added to this, his wife, and son and daughter must live together for ten months out of every year. Jane, with a successful career of her own, is at first tempted to refuse, but the Derington tradition is too strong for her, and she finally accepts her inheritance. How she meets the difficulties and responsibilities of her new life, finding incidentally that she has inherited not only her father's fortune but much of his character as well, makes an interesting and readable story.

*Susan Shame.* By Roger Burlingame. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

'A Story of Success' is the ironical sub-title which Mr. Burlingame has chosen for his novel. Susan Shane is a girl who from her earliest childhood is obsessed with the importance of making a success of life. And to Susan success means money, power and the management of people. In order to achieve this she is prepared to sacrifice everything else. Love, she determines, shall not count in her life; so when it comes to her she puts it from her. In the end, all her desires are gratified, and we have her at the end of the story married to a rich husband. Success she has certainly achieved. But happiness? Mr. Burlingame raises the question, but does not answer it. The reader, however, may be permitted to draw his own conclusions. Susan is hardly a sympathetic character, and certainly not a figure of romance, but she is not without her good qualities.

PUBLICATION DAY NOVEMBER 18TH

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# SHORTER NOTICES

**The Narrative of Samuel Hancock.** Harrap. 10s. 6d.

THIS is the opening volume of what is to be known as the "Argonaut Series." The name does not seem to be very appropriate to a narrative of adventure in the Far West of America in the middle of the nineteenth century, though it was used in much the same sense by Bre. Harte. Very little seems to be known of Samuel Hancock, but the editor assures us that his manuscript was used by H. H. Bancroft as an authority for his history of Oregon, and it may therefore be assumed to be genuine. There is indeed no reason to suppose it otherwise, though we should like to know how much editorial care has done for the spelling and punctuation, which seems surprisingly good for the teamster. Hancock's account of the great Oregon trek, in one of the later detachments of which he journeyed across the plains in 1845, and his various descriptions of gold-seeking and Indian warfare form, as the editor quaintly observes, "a slice of life . . . salty with the magic of endeavour."

**The Mediterranean and Beyond.** By Norma Lorrimer. Hutchinson. 21s.

MISS NORMA LORRIMER has been revisiting Egypt and the Near East, a part of the world which she knew well before the war. She finds it all very different. For instance, she went to see the Sphinx, now uncovered from the sand, and was disappointed, remarking, quite truly, that the Father of Fear, as the Arabs used to call him, is somehow much less terrifying now that we can see his feet. She found the European quarter in Cairo much increased at the expense of the rest; there are fewer beggars, fewer people praying in the street; where there used to be buses there are now electric trams. On the other hand, she looked at Al Azhar and "found no change." Indeed, how should she?—for if anything had happened to this most famous university in Islam the whole world would certainly have known. And that, as a matter of fact, is all. Miss Lorrimer offers us precisely the hurried, casual comments that any others of the thousands of tourists who yearly follow these well-trodden paths might have made—and do.

**Folk-Tales of Provence.** By W. Branch Johnson. Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.

FOLK-LORE is only one of the good things whose existence is threatened by the growth of cosmopolitan pleasure-grounds. Provence is extraordinarily rich in legends and relics and old monuments, and it is possible that the coming of the tourist will end, as the author hints, by making the peasant a sophisticated and rather sly exploiter of the ancient tales. At present, this has not happened. Mr. Branch Johnson, whose book on the folk-tales of Brittany will be gratefully remembered, has gathered into a reasonably small space the principal legends and beliefs of the people of Provence. It is interesting to know that the early Greek settlers on the delta had a kind of flower festival, which, through a long process of degradation, has become the sad Battle of Flowers in Nice, a favourite with the illustrated papers. It is also interesting to know that the Pont du Gard was built by the devil for a peasant. The peasant was cursing because he had to go up so many steep hills and take so many roundabout journeys. So the Devil built this bridge, on condition that the first living soul to cross it should belong to him. The cunning peasant sent a dog across, and the devil retreated in high dudgeon; a story that surely underlines the devil's knowledge of theology.

**Percival and I.** By Anthony Armstrong. Methuen. 3s. 6d.

MR. ANTHONY ARMSTRONG has done well to retrieve these papers from the pages of *Punch*. There is always a lot of

fun to be got out of the spectacle of the Englishman abroad, and the misadventures of Percival and his long-suffering companions are diverting. The story of how Percival came to the "assistance" of a lady in a train in Paris is, perhaps, the best in the book. Almost equally amusing, however, is the account of his sporting experiences. Percival, it will be inferred, is one of those luckless persons who mishandle everything they touch. That is what makes him so entertaining a companion—at a distance.

**Can these Bones Live?** By J. Worsley Boden. Constable. 6s.

THOSE who are dissatisfied with traditional Christianity may find in this book much that is helpful. Its author is a clergyman who was a layman during the war, and who, since his ordination, has been associated with a church in Central London. The Christian religion, in his view, is losing its hold upon the more thoughtful members of the younger generation. Can the discoveries of science square with the dogmas of the Church? Is a belief in the miraculous element in Christianity necessary to salvation? These questions, and questions like them, are being asked on every hand. Mr. Boden holds that the Church has nothing to lose, and indeed everything to gain, by a re-statement of her position. "The danger to religion," he declares, "comes not from freedom, but from fixity and funk." To many readers it may seem that he is over-anxious to jettison beliefs that have hitherto withstood the force of centuries of criticism, but his honesty of purpose is apparent on every page. The book deserves the careful consideration of all those whose theological position is, perhaps, at the present moment a little insecure. Mr. G. A. Studdart-Kennedy—more familiarly known as "Woodbine Willie"—contributes a sympathetic introduction.

**The Immortal Ninon.** By Cecil Austen. Routledge. 10s. 6d.

NINON DE L'ENCLOS remains one of the enigmas of history. She was an avowed courtesan, yet she was capable of sympathetic and disinterested friendship, and if her lovers outnumbered her friends, it was to the latter that she gave of her best. Passion and intellect were strangely fused in her complex character. The claim that she was "a pioneer in the field of sex" is, on the whole, justified. "She bitterly felt the subjection of women," writes the author of this memoir, "and, in particular, the double, and almost opposite moral standard conventionally assigned to the two sexes; and she could hardly help suspecting that this grievance was part of a cause that would one day become important." One virtue she possessed in a supreme degree: she was a most courageous woman. Mr. Austen has written an admirable study.

**From Kew Observatory to Scotland Yard.** By ex-Chief Inspector W. C. Gough, of the C.I.D. Hurst and Blackett. 18s.

EX-CHIEF INSPECTOR GOUGH was the son of a police officer; he was deputed, when quite a little boy, to carry a pile of books for Sir William Harcourt from Richmond to the Home Office. "From now until the end of the day," said Sir William, "they will never leave either your sight or your possession. You will be wholly responsible for them, and I am sure you will prove equal to the trust." This was good training for a boy who was afterwards to achieve success as a detective. Mr. Gough has been connected with many of the most famous crime mysteries of his period—among others the Yarmouth beach murder and the murder on Wimbledon Common. As an introduction to criminal psychology the book is not without its value. A prolonged study of the criminal classes has induced the belief that the habitual law-breaker is merely the average man with a kink. "There are those who are born to crime as the sparks fly upward. They can no more resist earning prison sentences than a child can help contracting measles." Mr. Gough has succeeded in producing an entertaining volume. For the convenience of the readers and reviewers alike he might have added an index.

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Fourteen essays, only one of which has previously appeared in book form. Two of the papers deal with Conrad.

COMMENTS AND QUERIES. By Eleanor M. Brougham. The Bodley Head. 5s.

The author, who is already known as an exceptionally able anthologist, here offers papers on Eleanor of Castile, Sir Thomas Urquhart, 'Graves and Epitaphs,' 'Alchemy,' and other subjects.

LITTLE BOOKS. Edited by Charles Whibley: Sir Matthew Hale's DISCOURSE TOUCHING PROVISION FOR THE POOR (1683); Sir Thomas Browne's HYDRIOTAPHIA OR URNE-BURIAL (1658); Sir Walter Raleigh's INSTRUCTIONS TO HIS SONNE AND TO POSTERITY (1632); COUNTRY CONVERSATIONS by James Wright (1694); CHARACTERS by Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield (1770); CHARACTER OF KING CHARLES II. By George Savile, Marquis of Halifax (1750). Davies. 2s. each.

An excellently produced, and very cheap, series, with characteristic Introductions by Mr. Whibley.

PREFACES TO SHAKESPEARE. By Harley Granville-Barker. First Series. Sidgwick and Jackson. 9s.

ICONOCLASTS OR THE FUTURE OF SHAKESPEARE. By Hubert Griffith. Kegan Paul. 2s. 6d.

## HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

Haji RIKKAN. By Fulanain. Chatto and Windus. 10s. 6d.

But for the misfortune of her sudden death, this book would have had, we are informed, the *imprimatur* of Miss Gertrude Bell. It is the autobiography of an Irak pedlar, and an attempt to depict the life of the Marsh Arabs of a region but little explored by writers.

MY MOTLEY LIFE. By Keble Howard (John Keble Bell). Fisher Unwin. 18s.

Reminiscences of journalistic and theatrical life by the well-known writer of humorous novels. Oxford, the *Sketch*, Lord Northcliffe, the principal Bohemian club in London, films provide the subject matter of some of the chapters.

THE LOCOMOTIVE GOD. By William Ellery Leonard. Chapman and Hall. 18s.

The publishers claim that this is one of the most curious and powerful autobiographies written in recent years. Even a first glance shows it to be an unusual piece of work.

ROUMANIA AND HER RULERS. By Mrs. Philip Martineau. Stanley Paul. 10s. 6d.

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Written with the object of expressing the views of the non-official Englishman in India.

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LETTERS TO YOUNG WINTER SPORTSMEN. By Brian Lunn. Allan. 6s.

Advice on equipment and method, by a recognized authority on ski-ing, skating, and tobogganing. 'Where to Go' is a useful chapter.

THE CHARM OF CAMBRIDGE. By S. C. Roberts. Black. 21s.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A TENDERFOOT "COASTER." By Warren Henry. Witherby. 16s.

... AS BEGGARS, TRAMP THROUGH SPAIN. By Count and Countess Malmignati. Edited, with an Introduction, by Jan Gordon. Cape. 7s. 6d.

WINDMILLS AND WATERWAYS. By Laurence Irving. Heinemann. 8s. 6d.

BURGUNDY PAST AND PRESENT. By Evelyn M. Hatch. Methuen. 8s. 6d.

## FICTION

THE ELUSIVE TRAIL. By Cyril W. Davson. Blackwood. 7s. 6d.

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## Abridged Prospectus

The List of Applications will be closed on or before Wednesday, the 23rd November, 1927.



## BRIGHTON CORPORATION

ISSUE OF £1,000,000 4% REDEEMABLE STOCK, 1945-1975.

Authorized by the Public Health Act Amendment Act, 1890, and Consent Order of the Ministry of Health.

CORPORATION & GENERAL SECURITIES, LIMITED, are authorised on behalf of the Brighton Corporation to invite applications for the above-named Stock.

PRICE OF ISSUE £97 10s. PER CENT., Payable as follows:		
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On 21st December, 1927	...	£35 0s. " "
On 25th January, 1928	...	£35 0s. " "
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Trustees are authorized under the "Trustee Act, 1925," to invest in this Stock, unless expressly forbidden by the instrument (if any) creating the Trust.

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A first payment of £1 4s. 8d. per £100 Stock (being interest at the rate of £4 15s. per cent. per annum on the instalments) will be made on the 1st April, 1928.

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The Stock will rank equally with all other issues of Brighton Corporation Stock and, after the 1st of April, 1928, will be identical in all respects with £700,000 Brighton Corporation 4½ per cent. Stock, 1945-75, issued in Nov. 1926.

STATISTICS.—Brighton is a County Borough.

Population (1921 Census) as per Registrar-General's revised figures for Seaside Resorts	
Estimated 1927 (Midsummer)	134,800
Rateable Value (which is steadily increasing, in 1920 being £896,024)	140,000
A Rate of 1d. in the £ produces	£1,015,218
Rates in the £ (i.e., average rates for the two parishes in the Borough)	£4,068
Net Debt—Productive	11/4
Non-Productive	£3,002,895
	£210,057
	£3,812,952

The £3,812,952 includes an amount of £380,097 which has been borrowed temporarily and will be repaid out of the proceeds of this Issue.

Under the provisions of the Brighton Corporation Act, 1927, the boundaries of the Borough are to be extended as from 1st April, 1928, so as to include certain parishes and parts of parishes in the adjacent rural areas. The Borough will thus be enlarged from an area of 2,639 acres to an area of 12,490 acres. This enlargement, in conjunction with the new valuation for rating purposes, which will take effect from the 1st April, 1928, will considerably increase the rateable value on which future rates will be assessed, and consequently will also increase the future yield of a penny rate.

The Corporation own the Electricity, Tramways and Water Undertakings, also large Corporate Estates; the areas of supply for the Electricity and Waterworks Undertakings extend outside the Borough boundaries.

A commission of 5s. per £100 Stock will be allowed to Bankers and Stock-brokers on allotments made in respect of applications bearing their stamp.

Application will be made in due course to the London Stock Exchange for the present issue of Stock, and the £700,000 4½ per cent. Stock above mentioned being quoted as one Stock, thus making the total amount to be quoted £1,790,000.

Copies of the full Prospectus (upon the terms of which alone applications will be received) and the Forms of Application may be obtained from any of the Branches of the Bankers to the Issue or from—Messrs. Foster & Braithwaite, 27 Austin Friars, London, E.C.2; Messrs. Cohen, Laming, Hoare, 14 Austin Friars, London, E.C.2; Corporation and General Securities, Limited, Pinners Hall, Austin Friars, London, E.C.2; Messrs. Ashurst, Morris, Crisp and Co., 17 Throgmorton Avenue, London, E.C.2; or the Town Clerk and the Borough Accountant, Town Hall, Brighton. 18th November, 1927.

## THIS FORM OF APPLICATION MAY BE USED.

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To CORPORATION & GENERAL SECURITIES, LIMITED, PINNERS HALL, AUSTIN FRIARS, LONDON, E.C.2

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\*£..... (or..... pounds) of the BRIGHTON CORPORATION 4½ PER CENT. REDEEMABLE STOCK, 1945-1975, according to the conditions contained in the full Prospectus of the 18th November, 1927, and undertake to accept the same or any less amount that may be allotted to me/us and to pay for the same in conformity with the terms of the said Prospectus.

I/We enclose the required deposit of £....., being 5s per cent. on the nominal amount applied for.

Signature.....  
Full Name (in block capitals).....  
(State whether Mrs. or Miss, and title, if any)

Address.....

## PLEASE WRITE DISTINCTLY

This Form may be filled up and sent to any Branch of the Bankers to the Issue, with a cheque payable to "Bearer" for the amount of the deposit. Cheques must be crossed, and any alteration from "Order" to "Bearer" must be signed by the drawer.

\*No application must be for less than £50, and all applications must be in multiples of £50





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 THE LIVING BUDDHA. By Paul Morand. Knopf. 7s. 6d.  
 THE SWINGING SHUTTER. By C. Fraser-Simson. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.  
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 A SELF-MADE THIEF. By Hulbert Footner. Collins. 7s. 6d.  
 THE RESPECTABLE LADY. By Katharine Tynan. Collins. 7s. 6d.

## MOTORING

By H. THORNTON RUTTER

THE Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders opened their Eighth International Commercial Motor Transport Exhibition on Thursday last at Olympia. Transport, in the mind of the private citizen, usually means the motor omnibus and charabanc, as far as the road is concerned, while he sometimes forgets that the present generation is being supplied with the greater part of its goods of all descriptions by motor lorries, motor waggons and motor vans. Thus, at this Show, there are vehicles of every kind, size and type, driven by motors which owe their animation to petrol, to oil and to steam. It represents a far more wonderful display of the progress which has been made in road transport vehicles than did the preceding private carriage exhibition or motor cycle show, recently held in the same building.

\* \*

Here, side by side, are large road trains, "six wheelers" as they are technically called, capable of carrying twelve tons a day from the Midlands to the Metropolis, and even further; motor cycle tradesmen's carriers for conveying small parcels and light goods from the shop to the householder, to say nothing of the newspaper from the printing press to the reader. Every industry owes much to these commercial motor vehicles which are to be found here with all sorts of power units to propel them, both large and small, and also, for the Municipal vehicles which keep the cities clean, such as road sweepers, gulley cleaners, and fire engines. Municipal engineers and those who sit on the City, Borough and County Councils, will find much to interest them at this display: machines made to remove rubbish, mud and snow; mechanical road makers for ploughing up and breaking the road surfaces before being relaid with new material; waggons with five-ton breakdown cranes capable of lifting and hauling the heaviest of vehicles and bringing them home, no matter what injury or damage they may have suffered. As for motor-buses and motor-coaches, their luxurious equipment now converts them into private Pullman carriages.

\* \*

Here also is to be found the motor caravan and trailer, a veritable house on wheels, equipped like any modern bungalow, some with their own motive powers and others to be drawn by tractors. There are also vans for dogs, horse boxes, as well as ambulances for man and beast. These are mostly petrol vehicles, but in addition there are various steam driven transport machines, using coal and, like the small goods train, hauling other waggons, coupled together and equipped with vacuum brakes, similarly to the rolling stock of a railway.

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### Company Meeting

## THE SUDAN PLANTATIONS SYNDICATE, LTD.

THE TWENTIETH ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of the Sudan Plantations Syndicate, Ltd., was held on November 16 at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, E.C.

Mr. F. Eckstein (chairman of the company) presided, and, in moving the adoption of the report, said the total value of the cotton and cotton seed grown and marketed by them last season, all of which came to this country, had amounted to about 4½ million sterling. That did not include the value of the Durra and Lubia crops, which belonged entirely to their tenants. Stock of cotton on June 30 figured at nearly £3 millions sterling, and that required some explanation. Out of the 113,169 bales shipped from the Gezira, they had sold up to that date 49,653 bales. Of the balance up to the beginning of September, when they started making up their accounts, they had sold a further 42,274 bales. Those 91,927 bales figured in their accounts at actual sale prices, whilst the remaining 21,242 bales were valued at a conservative figure. At the moment there were only about 2,000 bales unsold. As they did not put their cotton on the market until about the middle of May, they were able this year to dispose of practically the whole crop within six months. Their financial position was very strong.

The net profit of £588,000 compared with £482,000 last year. Out of that sum they had paid in July an interim dividend of ten per cent., and now proposed to pay a final dividend of fifteen per cent., plus a bonus of five per cent., making thirty per cent. in all for the year. The carry forward would then stand at about £419,000. It might be necessary to dip into that useful carry forward to help out dividends during the coming year, and, even so, shareholders must not count upon their usual rate of dividend being maintained. The capital on which henceforth they had to earn dividends was £2,250,000, or half as much again as it was in the period covered by the present accounts. He would not attempt to prophesy the current season's cotton crop, but the prospects were promising.

The announcement in the newspapers of the proposed construction of the dam at Lake Tsana had, he believed, perturbed some of their shareholders, and he took that opportunity of assuring them that there was no cause of apprehension so far as they were concerned. In conclusion, the chairman announced that he had been advised by his doctors to take things easier, and that in consequence he proposed to retire from the chairmanship of the company, although he would remain on the board.

The report was adopted.





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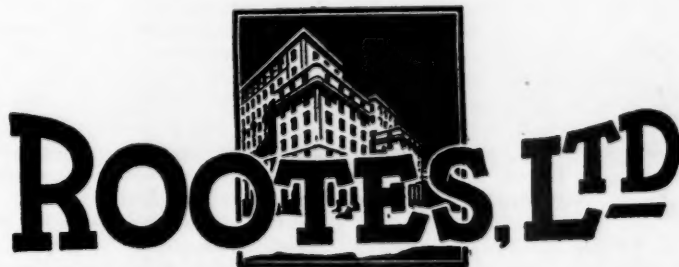
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## CITY NOTES

*Lombard Street, Thursday*

**P**RICES in the industrial share market are showing signs of fatigue after the amazing manner in which they have risen during the last three months, and it seems probable that the anticipated set-back in prices will shortly mature. It is to be hoped that this will not be postponed; if it is, a decidedly unhealthy position will be the result. During recent months it has been the fashion for new issues to take the form of £1 preference or ordinary shares with an equal number of 1s. deferred shares. These 1s. deferred shares have, in the majority of cases, been issued sparingly to the general public and generously to the vendors and insiders. After allotment these have made strenuous efforts, generally very successfully, to have a good market in the 1s. shares at an exaggerated premium. The £1 shares have been left to look after themselves, with the result that in many cases they are standing at a, comparatively speaking, substantial discount, while the deferred shares, which cannot receive a penny of dividend till after the £1 shares have received their fair quota, are standing at a premium of several hundred per cent. of their price. There can only be one end to these operations; and the higher some of these shares go the greater the ensuing fall. As regards the recent speculative favourites, in a large number of cases they are standing at prices which discount the future for several years. If these shares have been bought and paid for by the genuine investor all will be well, but if, as is believed, these shares have been purchased with borrowed money by the speculator, we may see an unpleasant scramble when efforts are made to realize. New issues are following on one another's heels, and several of them appear to be of an undesirable type. Investors should be very wary of accepting the invitations to subscribe for shares in the new ventures that are so prevalent just now.

## AMALGAMATED RUBBER

At the meeting of the Amalgamated Rubber Finance Company, Ltd., this week, Mr. James Fairbairn dealt at great length with the general rubber situation. He advocates the amalgamation of companies and the rearrangement of their capital into debentures, preference and ordinary shares, so that all classes of investors should be attracted. He further advocates the creation of a general central selling agency for the whole of the rubber industry, both British and Dutch. As regards the amalgamation of rubber companies, I certainly see eye to eye with Mr. Fairbairn, but in my opinion this reform is needed with the sole object of reducing costs. I suggest that the Stevenson Restriction scheme has proved a failure, and that the future of rubber companies will depend on their ability to make profits and pay dividends with the rubber selling at, say, 1s. 3d. per lb. For an industry which produces a commodity at 9d. per lb. to require a selling price of 1s. 9d. per lb. is obviously uneconomic. The blame for the present position, to my mind, lies in the fact that during times of rubber market activity companies are floated at a capitalization quite unmerited, with the result that the margin between the production price and selling price has to be abnormal to allow for adequate dividends to shareholders. In expressing this opinion, I feel I

shall not have the agreement of those behind the rubber industry who have been largely responsible for these inflated values. The bulk of the rubber produced, as is known, is sold to America. I would point out to those responsible for the existing rubber policy that America will not pay an inflated price for rubber if she can produce it for herself at a considerably cheaper price. The answer to this will be that it will be many years before America can produce her own rubber, to which argument I would answer that already steps are being taken by American interests to acquire vast tracts of country with uncultivated rubber trees in Brazil, and further that when some of our existing rubber companies find it difficult to carry on owing to the fact that the selling price of the commodity does not give them sufficient margin, American interests will step in and purchase such companies, lock stock and barrel, with the object of securing their crop. Mr. Fairbairn will be serving the rubber industry if he continues to advocate a policy of amalgamation geographically so as to reduce the overhead charges and eliminate unnecessary directors this side and supervisors the other. Attention so far appears to have been centred on increasing the selling price of the commodity instead of reducing the cost of its production.

## EASTWOODS

In the recent speculative rush certain really sound shares have been overlooked and passed over in favour of those the price of whose shares move in a more spectacular manner. In this class I place the Ordinary shares of Eastwoods, Limited, builders, cement merchants and brick manufacturers. Eastwoods is a really first-class industrial concern. Its net profits of recent years have steadily expanded. For 1925 it distributed to its Ordinary shareholders 15% in dividends. This was increased to 17½% for 1926 and 20% for 1927. The reserve account stands at £40,000 and £12,194 was carried forward. I consider these Eastwood Ordinary shares at the present price a thoroughly sound permanent industrial investment.

## BUTLER'S WHARF

Another Ordinary share which can be purchased and locked away with safety is the £1 Ordinary share of Butler's Wharf, Limited. The issued capital consists of 295,920 £1 Ordinary shares and there are no prior charges. The Company owns large leasehold properties consisting of modern warehouses, wharves, vaults, etc., with a frontage of about half a mile to the Thames, situated most favourably just below the Tower Bridge. The leases have 90 years to run. The financial year ends on March 31, and the report is submitted in June. An interim dividend is declared, generally about October. The balance sheet shows a satisfactory position, and the leasehold property and premises account stands at £372,409, but this asset was recently valued at approximately £1,000,000. The Company is very well managed. For the year ending March 31, 1927, and the two preceding years, dividends amounting to 3s., a share were paid, and at the present price of about 47s. the shares yield about 6½%. The Ordinary shares are considered a sound investment with attractive possibilities as a lock-up.

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## Company Meeting

**AMALGAMATED (RUBBER)  
FINANCE CO., LTD.**MR. JAMES FAIRBAIRN'S VIEWS ON RUBBER  
AMALGAMATIONS

## PARTICULARS OF KUMA TIN CO., LTD.

The ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Amalgamated (Rubber) Finance Co., Ltd., was held on November 14 at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, E.C.

Mr. James Fairbairn (Chairman of the Company) said that the profit for the year under review amounted to £34,930 as compared with £32,499 in the previous year, and they proposed to pay a dividend of 7½ per cent., making 12½ per cent. for the year. The present balance sheet embraced the whole period of the depression in the rubber industry. The board had continued the policy of being only to a moderate extent interested in rubber shares in view of the present uncertainties of the industry. They had taken interest in tin shares, and from that source a substantial portion of their profits in their current a/cs were derived. The prospects for the present financial year were good. It was proposed, at a subsequent extraordinary general meeting, to alter the name of the Company by omitting the word "Rubber."

As regarded the general rubber situation, the most important changes during the last five months had been the slipping back of the price to round about 1s. 4d. per lb. and the piling up of further stocks in London until they had reached over 70,000 tons. There were certain problems connected with that industry which became more and more pressing as time went on. He would like to draw special attention to the following facts:— (a) the market suffered from the disability that there were many sellers while the buying power was largely concentrated in few hands; (b) the British capital involved was over £150,000,000, practically all in shares. The time had come when definite action should be taken. His view was that there were too many units controlling the industry and that a definite reduction of those units should take place. He suggested that the smaller agency firms should approach one or other of the leading firms controlling the estates in the East with a view to the absorption of the smaller by the larger on equitable terms.

A matter of even greater importance was the consolidation by amalgamation of companies so geographically situated as to make them reasonable units of amalgamation. He suggested that the basis of such amalgamations should be that the companies with the highest existing premia on their shares should purchase the companies with the lower premia, thus consolidat-

ing the latter into the former. That should have the effect of making large and comprehensive companies, and at the same time would considerably reduce the capital cost per acre.

## KUMA TIN

A new company called the Kuma Tin Co., Ltd., had been formed and was acquiring over 36 sq. miles of specially selected alluvial tin ground in various districts of the Bauchi Plateau of Northern Nigeria, comprising twelve exclusive prospecting licenses and a mining lease. It had also secured a six months' option on an important area on which 700 to 1,000 tons of tin going 2 lb. to the yard had already been discovered. The directors were confident that at no distant date they would hear of important deposits having been discovered in the same way as deposits had been discovered on several of the areas belonging to the Koshe Tin Co., Ltd., which had resulted in two sales being effected of two areas for £50,000, leaving the Koshe Co. with about sixty miles of other areas. When the Koshe Co. was formed, shareholders in this Company had had the right to apply for some of the capital at par, and the shares of that Company now stood at nearly double that price. The directors had secured the right for shareholders of the Amalgamated Co. to apply for some of the capital of the Kuma Co. at par, and he could only hope that they would avail themselves of that opportunity. They would receive the rights forms, which were being issued by post that night.

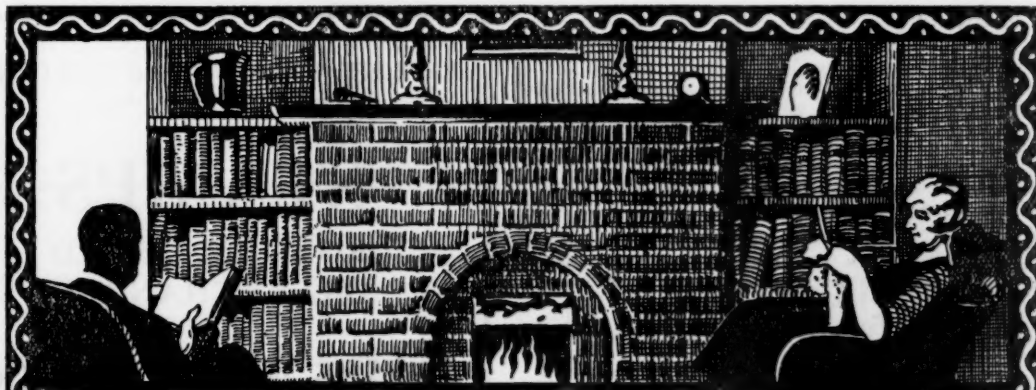
The report and accounts were unanimously adopted. A full copy of the speech may be obtained on application from the Secretary, 7 and 8 Great Winchester Street, London, E.C.2.

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## ACROSTICS

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 296

IN EUROPE'S SHORES RECESSES TWAIN THERE BE:  
SEARCH THE ATLANTIC AND THE MIDDLE SEA.

(Last of the 21st Quarter)

1. Pronounced by parents, and implored of Heaven.
2. Lop at both ends a well-known scale of seven.
3. Reverse a costume worn by serving-men.
4. Not seldom 'tis, but 'tis too much by ten.
5. Above the natural compass of the voice.
6. Well filled with me, the hungry will rejoice.
7. An intimation, hint, or whisper merely.
8. Have I been seen? Not ever very clearly.
9. No more in Babylon of merchants bought.
10. Curtail one by his flowing ringlets caught.
11. Transpose a house in which the arts are taught.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 294

CONSPIRATOR AND MONARCH HERE YOU'LL FIND  
IN MOST UNNATURAL FELLOWSHIP COMBINED.  
(MY SECOND SCHEMED AND PLOTTED 'GAINST MY FIRST.)

1. May hold wherewith to quench your raging thirst.
2. Extract the heart of that which wrapped a head.
3. Was doomed to die—they hanged his foe instead.
4. An artifice or gamester's trick transpose.
5. Traversed by Sol as on his round he goes.
6. Pope's "pungent grains of titillating dust."
7. If I should bite you, why then, dance you must!
8. Does all the work, the while its fellow rests.
9. Built in obedience to divine behests.
10. Wise so to do, ere hostile fields we enter.
11. Add relish to the swarthy in the centre.

## Solution of Acrostic No. 294

J	u	G	<sup>1</sup> Esther, vii, 10.
CA		U	<sup>1</sup> <i>The Rape of the Lock</i> , v. 84.
M	ordeca	I	<sup>1</sup> The bite of the tarantula spider was
E	gdo	O	supposed to produce an excessive desire
S	corpi	D	to dance.
S	nuf	F	<sup>2</sup> <sup>4</sup> See <i>The Pickwick Papers</i> , ch. 37.
T	arantul	A	<sup>3</sup>
U	nder-ja	W	
A	r	K	
R	econnoitr	E	
T	rimming	S	<sup>4</sup>

ACROSTIC No. 294.—The winner is Mr. J. R. Cripps, Sherwood Cottage, Tadworth, Surrey, who has selected as his prize 'Red Sky at Morning,' by Margaret Kennedy, published by Heinemann, and reviewed in our columns on November 5 under the heading of New Fiction. Twenty-four other competitors chose this book, seventeen named 'Napoleon and his Women Friends,' etc., etc.

ALSO CORRECT.—Armada, Baldersby, A. de V. Blathwayt, C. Ellis, Jeff, Jop, Kirkton, John Lennie, Martha, Met, N. O. Sellam, Oakapple, Sisyphus, Tyro.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—Barberry, Mrs. Rosa H. Boothroyd, Boskerris, Charles G. Box, Mrs. Robt. Brown, Mrs. J. Butler, Carlton, Miss Carter, Chailey, J. Chambers, A. R. N. Cowper-Coles, Dhualt, D. L., Hanworth, Iago, Jerboa, Madge, Margaret, G. W. Miller, H. de R. Morgan, Lady Mottram, Peter, Quis, Shorwell, St. Ives, Hon. R. G. Talbot, C. J. Warden, Yendu.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—Ape, Estela, Cyril E. Ford, Gay, Glamis, J. B., Lilian, R. Ransom, Stucco. All others more.

ACROSTIC No. 293.—CORRECT: Miss Sylvia Groves.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—Armada, Mrs. Rosa H. Boothroyd, Boskerris, Charles G. Box, Mrs. Robt. Brown, Mrs. J. Butler, Ceyx, Chailey, J. Chambers, Chip, A. R. N. Cowper-Coles, J. R. Cripps, D. L., Doric, C. Ellis, Sir Reginald Egerton, Cyril E. Ford, Miss D. Gaskell, Lieut.-Colonel Sir Wolsley Haig, Hanworth, John Lennie, Martha, N. O. Sellam, Dr. J. Pearce, Rho Kappa, Shorwell, Sisyphus, Spyella, St. Ives, Stucco, Yendu, Bushey.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—Maud Crowther, Estela, Dhualt, Farsdon, Glamis, A. M. W. Maxwell, Rand.

BOSKERRIS.—I did not accept Loanda; the port appears to be called S. Paolo de Loanda. St. Ives should have been among the "Two Lights wrong." My authority calls Goa a Portuguese settlement and city, and says that the old (deserted) town is five miles inland.

ESTELA.—Morio, being only part of the scientific name of the animal, could not be accepted.

OAKAPPLE.—Sorry, but I do not think Gamin at all appropriate. Why should "a child who spends his time playing in the streets" be as much a child of darkness as Satan himself? Gamins do not avoid the light, while I believe Goblins are supposed to.

OUR TWENTY-FIRST QUARTERLY COMPETITION.—After the eleventh round the leaders are: John Lennie, Madge, Oakapple; Margaret, Peter, C. J. Warden, Yendu; Mrs. R. Brown, Mrs. J. Butler, Martha, N. O. Sellam, Sisyphus; Gay.

Cool?



-of course  
it's cool

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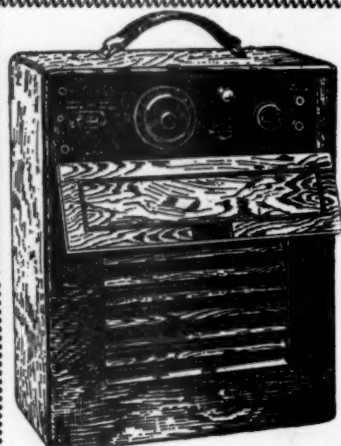
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